

H Y M N
AND
OTHER PIECES
OF
P O E T R Y
ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

By WILLIAM MILLER.

*Be filled with the Spirit : Speaking to yourselves
in Psalms , and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs,
Singing and making Melody in your Hearts
to the Lord. Ephes. 5, 18, 19.*

HIGH WYCOMBE:

Printed and Sold by S. CAVE; also Sold by R. BARDWIN

No. 47, Pater-noster-row, London, and W. BROWN,
and J. FANLEY, in Bristol.



147. g. 674. 9



P R E F A C E.

THE following Work, consisting of Hymns and other Pieces of Poetry on various Subjects, is submitted to the public Eye with Diffidence.—The far greater Number of the Hymns are Productions during the early Parts of the Author's Ministry, as the Subjects of ministerial Discourse, particular Providences, and the Exercises of his own Mind directed his Thoughts to the Composition of them. The Mention of these Circumstances accounts for their Existence—But the Author is aware it may be asked, what Occasion

for publishing them? Do not the numerous Publications of this Sort preclude all Occasion of adding to the Number?—He can only reply to this Objection, after the Manner in which He hath encountered it in his own Mind, and which is as follows. These Hymns are not so many, as much to increase the general Bulk of similar Performances: those extant are not in such universal Circulation, but these may perhaps obtain Readers, who possess few Others, so that to such they may afford what may be stiled a moderate Variety. Besides, it is allowable, to say the least of it, to wish to contribute to the Help of Zion's Travellers; and when he reflects that God out of the Mouth of Babes and Sucklings perfecteth Praise, he hopes, notwithstanding the Imperfections of the Work, some good End may be answered by it to the candid and pious Christian.

P R E F A C E. iii.

tian. The other Pieces of Poetry, the Occasions of which the Titles express, accompany the Hymns, because their Subjects will admit of such an Association ; and to insert them will be adding to the Variety of the Whole. Under these Circumstances, the Author takes the Liberty of making both public, and commends them and the Reader to the Blessing of God.

High Wycombe,
Jan. 24, 1791.

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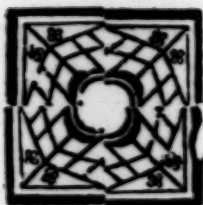
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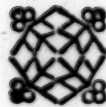
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For *cbose* read *choose*.

Sixty-second Page, Second Verse, Fourth Line.
For *keeps* read *keep'st*.

Seventy-fifth Page, First Verse, Third and
Fourth Line.

For *Where'er* read *Whcree'er*.

Ninety-third Page, Second Verse, Third Line.
For *Past* read *Last*.

For Hymns LIV. and CVI. read LIII. and CVII.

AL

SYMPTOMS

1. The patient is usually a young man, but may be a woman.

2. The disease is usually of the acute type.

3. The disease is usually of the chronic type.

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30. The disease is usually of the chronic type.

H Y M N S.

H Y M N I.

The Works of G O D.

- 1 **N**ATURE how glorious to behold,
The Work of an Almighty Hand;
My Soul in Admiration lost,
Beholds th' amazing Fabric stand.
- 2 Large was the Plan, and large the Scale,
Drawn to produce so vast a Frame;
The Wonders which surround the Whole,
Bespeak the Mighty Builder's Name.
- 3 **J**EHOVAH ! Creatures hear the Sound,
And loud th' exalted Name repeat ;
While each his humble Homage pays,
In sacred Rev'rence at his Feet.
- 4 Deep from Eternal Ages lay,
Hid in his Breast the grand design ;
Unknown, till Sov'reign Pow'r disclos'd
Eternal Thoughts in Works of Time.

- 5 Then in obedience to his Will,
Around the wide Creation rose;
Built amidst Emptiness and Night,
The Spot the high Creator chose.
- 6 The All-sufficient bears the Sum,
Eternal Treasures yield supplies;
And lo! thro' th' unbounded Void
Ten thousand Worlds in Glory rise.
- 7 The lower Stories well adorn'd,
A rich Variety contain;
But O th' Apartments of the Skies,
Where Thought attempts to soar in vain.
- 8 There in Proportion to their Height,
The Maker swells his bold Designs;
Superior Beauties form the Scene,
And Grandeur in Perfection shines.

H Y M N II.

Praise for the Mercies of the Old Year.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my Soul, the closing Year
Demands the warmest Praise;
Awake, thy Tuneful Pow'rs employ,
And noblest Music raise.
- 2 Through all the late revolving Months,
How good thy God has been;
Thy same unvarying gracious Face,
Thy Eyes have daily seen.

- 3 Thy ev'ry Comfort was the Gift
Of his indulgent Hand;
Not one of all the num'rous Train
But came at his Command.
- 4 His Goodness 'midst surrounding Snare
Upheld from first to last,
And spares thee to another Year,
Though Thousands died the Past.
- 5 Thy heav'nly Father knew thy Wants,
And sent the Blessings free;
Sickness and Pain which others felt,
Have been unknown to thee.
- 6 His Gates thrown open Day and Night,
Receiv'd thy willing Feet;
The blest Redeemer met thee there;
With Joys divinely sweet.
- 7 Oft has his Presence gone before,
And mark'd thy doubtful Way;
His Word was thy perpetual Feast,
His Grace thy constant Stay.
- 8 These were thy Mercies, O my Soul!
And such thy Gifts, my God!
Let ev'ry Year repeat the same,
And spread thy Praise abroad.

H Y M N IV.

H Y M N III.

The Presence of CHRIST on Earth.

- 1 **W**Hat heav'nly Strains address my Ear!
Whence such a glorious Sight below?
Sure 'tis the Voice that Angels hear,
The lovely Form which Angels know.
- 2 His Glories claim celestial Ground,
His very Words declare his Name,
'Tis my Immanuel's Voice. Blest Sound!
He comes on Wings of shining Flame.
- 3 Far o'er the everlasting Hills
His founding Pinions bear him on;
Swifter than thought across he sails,
And bids the distant Heights be gone.
- 4 Down to this earth he makes his way,
This mean Abode of human Forms;
His Love forbids the least delay,
And brings my Saviour to my Arms.
- 5 Fondly I clasp him to my Breast,
Nor does my Lord refuse to stay;
My Soul to be for ever blest,
Gives all inferior Joys away.

H Y M N IV.

On the Restoration of Peace, July 29, 1784.

- 1 **N**OW for a Song of gen'ral Praise
From british hearts & british tongues

H Y M N V.

3

The noblest Song that both can raise,
To Britain's gracious God belongs.

2 Where Discord rag'd, and War prevail'd,
There Peace resumes her gentle Reign,
Contending Nations quit the Field,
And meet in Harmony again.

3 The Lion changes to a Lamb,
The warlike Thunder roars no more,
No Hostile Fleets oppress the Main,
Nor Armies vex a distant Shore.

4 Britain the gen'ral Blessing shares,
While Plenty smiles on ev'ry Hand;
Our God dispels her gloomy Fears,
And 'wakens Joy throughout the Land.

5 But to the pious British Race,
Whose Hearts believe, whose Necks obey,
The glorious News of Gospel Grace
Affords a far diviner Joy.

6 The God of Britain be ador'd,
For peace with Men & peace with Heav'n,
Our Souls unite with sweet Accord,
To bless his Name by whom they're giv'n.

H Y M N V.

CHRIST the LORD of All.

1 **A**LL hail the Pow'rs of Jesu's Name,
"Before Him prostrate fall,
"Bring forth the Royal Diadem,
"And crown Him Lord of All."

- 2 To gain this Honour as his own,
He pass'd Death's gloomy Vale,
And seated on the heav'nly Throne,
Is justly LORD of All.
- 3 It is decreed in Righteousness,
That ev'ry Knee shoud' fall;
And ev'ry Heart and Tongue confess,
That CHRIST is LORD of All.
- 5 Begin Angelic Hosts on High,
Obedient to his Call,
Go through the Regions of the Sky,
And shout him LORD of All.
- 5 Ye bless'd Assembly, join the Strain,
Redeemed from the Fall;
Worthy the Lamb to live and reign,
The gen'ral LORD of All.
- 6 Let Saints perform their humble party
On this terrestrial Ball,
And loudly praise with all their Hearts,
This mighty LORD of All.
- 7 Come Sinners, meekly kiss the Son,
Yield to his heav'nly Call,
Give him the well-deserv'd renown,
And crown him LORD of All.

HYMN VI.

2

8 Let all Creation here engage,
Their gen'ral Praise is small,
And sound it forth from Age to Age,
That CHRIST is LORD of All.

HYMN VI,
CHRIST *unchanging.*

1 **A** Midst a changing World,
An ever-varying Frame,
How heart-reviving is the thought,
That JESUS is the same.

2 My Soul its influence feels,
And banishes its fears,
Smiles though alone, and all-around
A changing aspect wears.

3 There's no Dependance here,
Our earthly Comforts fail,
And num'rous ills of various kinds,
Attend this gloomy Vale.

4 But Christ endures the same,
Though all unstable be,
Just as a firm unshaken Rock,
Amidst a rolling Sea.

5 On Him I build my Hope,
Nor shall that Hope be lost,
Though for the present I am tried,
And often tempest-test.

H Y M N VII.

- 6 Whatever may betide,
 I'll patiently endure;
 The Rock of Ages ever lives,
 And my Salvation's sure.

H Y M N VII.

Trust in GOD.

- 1 **T**HY ever glorious Name, my LORD,
 Claims my whole Heart & highest Praise,
 The God of Mercy is the word,
 Thy People's Refuge all their Days.
- 2 Thou art my Portion and my Choice,
 My Soul disdains a lesser Good,
 And in thy Name will I rejoice,
 Till thy own Heav'n be my Abode.
- 3 Here will I fix, nor loose my Hold,
 'Tis a strong Rock, a sure Defence,
 Not all the pow'rs of Earth or Hell,
 Shall ere succeed to drive me thence.
- 4 Daily I'll boast it's mighty Pow'r,
 Salvation shall be all my Song,
 And even in the darkest Hour,
 My Faith shall feel its influence strong.
- 5 None ever made his Name their Trust,
 And found their Faith and Hope deceiv'd,
 My Soul can never be the first,
 A Soul which hath in truth believ'd.

H Y M N VIII,

H Y M N VIII

Prisoners of Hope Encouraged.

1 **C**OME, my Fellow Prisoners, come,
Gall'd by Sin and Satan's Chains;
We are not in Hell's dark Gloom,
Not in everlasting Pains.

2 Tho' in Prison, yet there's hope,
Now the Gospel's Voice attend;
Glorious News to Souls shut up,
JESUS is the Pris'ner's Friend.

He hath satisfi'd the Laws
For Transgressors doom'd to die;
Pleads himself the Pris'ner's Cause,
Captive leads Captivity.

4 If we groan beneath our Chain,
And the wish'd-for Aid is sought,
'Tis not long we shall remain,
Ere he'll come and bring us out.

5 And when once from Prison free,
And our Liberty obtain,
'Tis to all Eternity,
Never to return again.

6 Come, my Fellow-Pris'ners, come,
Let us hope, and wait, and pray;
Our deliv'rance may be soon,
Christ can give Release to Day.

H Y M N IX.

H Y M N IX.

The Godness of G O D.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the various Ways,
My Feet for Years have trod,
On ev'ry hand I see display'd
A kind directing God.
- 2 His Providence mark'd out the Spot,
Where a poor Worm should dwell;
And ever blessed be the Hand,
Which manag'd it so well.
- 3 All the successive Changes since
Did but perform his Will,
And the same Care thus far employ'd,
I trust, will help me still.
- 4 The heav'nly Powers I have known,
My Heart will now adore;
I own his sov'reign Hand in All,
And his unchanging Love.
- 5 My Soul, with all its great Concerns,
And all its lesser Cares,
LORD, to thy Guardian Pow'r I yield;
For my remaining Years.
- 6 Be thou my Counsellor and Guide,
While in the World I sojourn;
And when I've pass'd the Wilderness,
Then take thy Servant Home.

H Y M N X I.

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H Y M N X.

The House of G O D Delightful.

- 1 **L**ET the gay World with chearfulgust,
To Feasts of Songs and Mirth repair;
Thy House, my God, invites my Taste
To sweeter Entertainments there.
- 2 Lord, how I love thy holy Board,
Where thy Saints feast on Heav'nly Bread:
Not Palaces such Sweets afford,
Nor Kings are half so richly fed.
- 3 He brings me to his House, and there
Displays the Banner of his Love;
While, with the kindest, gentlest Air,
He bids my Doubts and Fears remove.
- 4 I feel my softest Passions rais'd.
And Tears of fond Affection flow;
His Banner o'er my Head display'd,
And a rich Banquet spread below.
- 5 Here I could dwell, for ever dwell;
'Tis a sweet Spot, a blessed Abode;
Not Paradise could please so well,
Nor Heav'n itself without my God.

H Y M N X I.

The Sabbath Acceptable.

- 1 **D**E V I N E L Y welcome thy Approach,
Sweet Sabbath of the Lord:

Now his appointed Servants preach,
And Sinners hear the Word.

2 Salvation on a thousand Hills
Their sev'ral Tongues proclaim;
Each of their Hearts a pleasure feels,
To speak the Saviour's Name.

3 Now his assembled Saints unite
To hear, and pray, and praise;
And spend thy Hours with vast delight,
Sweet Sabbath, Best of Days.

4 Blessings, unusu'l Blessings wait
Attending Souls to Day,
While in the Sanctu'ry they meet,
And in its Service stay.

5 There the dear Lord himself descends,
And mingles with the rest;
He kindly treats them as his Friends,
And makes them doubly blest.

6 Our Souls desire, and hope the same,
Whilst waiting at his Gate:
O for the presence of the Lamb,
To make the Service sweet.

H Y M N XII.

An Invitation to the Lord's Supper.

1 **C**OME Saints, our Lord invites to come,
To this celestial Feast,

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He bids our slavish Fears be gone,
And each a welcome Guest.

2 Shall we not venture at his Word,
But still dispute there's room?
Come in, ye Blessed of the Lord,
Since JESUS bids you come.

3 Know 'tis the Poor, the Blind, & Maim'd,
His Grace doth here invite;
Such only may approach his Board,
And come within his sight.

4 None who apply, however mean,
Will JESUS ere refuse;
He takes the vilest Sinners in,
Whose Hearts Salvation chose.

5 Now he stands ready to impart
The Choicest of his Store;
And gives as Pledges of his Love,
The Bread and Wine we pour.

6 Dear Lord, our thankful Hearts rejoice,
And send our doubts away;
We bless thy sweet inviting Voice,
And come without Delay.

H Y M N XIII.

Rest for the Weary and Heavy-Laden.

me, 1 **H**OW soft the Words of JESUS sound
To Souls oppress'd with Sin and Guilt!

Here Rest and Peace at once are found
From all the Loads of Sorrow felt.

- 2 Jesus invites them for Relief
With all their Burden, and their Pain,
To seek deliverance from Himself:
And None shall seek his Aid in vain.
- 3 His Promise makes the Blessing sure,
To ev'ry coming Soul oppress'd;
For 'tis of such his Lips declare,
I'll give them the desired Rest.
- 4 Come then, ye weary Sinners, come;
Nor doubt the Saviour's Pow'r or Will;
His Grace is ready to perform,
His Pow'r is able to fulfil.
Tho' Sins like Mountains for their Height,
- 5 Lie on our Souls, and flay our Peace,
His Blood removes those Loads of Guilt;
And makes our mournful Hearts rejoice.

HYMN XIV.

The Wounded Spirit.

- 1 **M**Y Soul a Burden seeks,
The heaviest it can bear;
Innum'able Sins prevail,
And sad tormenting Fear.
- 2 My Sorrows still increase,
And crink my Spirit up;

H Y M N XV.

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They gather round, and break my Peace,
And almost shut out Hope.

- 3 O whither shall I fly,
Or must I quite despair?
And yield my fainting Soul to die,
Without deliv'rance near?
- 4 JESUS, I raise my Cries
Up to thy heav'nly Throne,
And think, and plead with streaming Eyes,
What thou thyself hast done.
- 5 Thy Cross, and now thy Crown,
Afford a sov'reign Plea,
Since thou hast died and liv'st again;
To grant Salvation free.
- 6 O save a Sinner, Lord
Who feign would make his Trust,
Thy Grace, and Righteousness, and Word,
And of them daily boast.

H Y M N XV.

At the LORD'S Supper.

- 1 LORD, at thy Table we appear,
And wait thy gracious Presence here,
To crown thy own appointed Feast,
And bless each humble, waiting Guest.
- 2 Not the Provisions of thy Board
Can satisfy without their Lord;

Thy Presence makes them all divine,
Thy Love exceeds the choicest Wine.

- 3 O let thy House a Palace prove,
And this a Royal Feast of Love ;
Then, will thy Saints be sweetly fed
With chearful Wine, and pleasant Bread.
- 4 Faith feeds, but on celestial Food,
Thy precious Body and thy Blood :
Not Kings who feast on Dainties, share
Such costly and immortal Fare.
- 5 With these Provisions of thy Grace,
Lord, give an Appetite to taste ;
So shall our dying Souls revive,
And shout thy Praises while we live.

H Y M N XVI.

The Name of JESUS Precious.

- 1 **L**ET others boast what Names they please
On the bright Rolls of Fame ;
I scorn such Characters as these,
And boast a Saviour's Name.
- 2 I love the Sacred Pages, where
The fav'rite Letters shine ;
How am I pleas'd to read them o'er,
And blest the Pen divine.
- 3 Not precious Ointments shed abroad,
Such Fragrancy unfold,

H Y M N XVII.

As the sweet Name of Christ my God
To my admiring Soul.

- 4 Beneath its cool, refreshing Shade,
Weary and faint, I rest;
It stands a Refuge where I hide,
And most securely trust.
- 5 Soon it dispels the blackest Cloud,
And Darkness turns to Day;
It shines, and guides me on the Road,
And cheers me all the Way.
- 6 When num'rous Hosts of Hell affright,
And hope to make me yield;
In this Almighty Name I fight,
And drive them from the Field.
- 7 The strong Foundation of my Hope,
My Soul abides secure;
I boast its pow'r to bear me up,
And future Glory sure.
- 8 Dear Name! my very Life, my All,
To everlasting Days:
O for an Angel's Heart to feel,
An Angel's Tongue to praise.

H Y M N XVII.

Divine Mercy.

MERCY, my one prevailing Plea,
When Pray'r employs my Tongue;
D

Mercy is All in All to me,
And shall be all my Song.

- 2 Where shall the guilty Creature fly,
To 'scape the Wrath divine ?
Mercy alone invites him nigh,
With all his Loads of Sin.
- 3 Here Crimes of high Degree forgiv'n,
No longer raise his Fears ;
But well support his Hopes of Heav'n,
And Joys above the Stars.
- 4 The sov'reign Mercy of our God,
Like a vast Ocean rolls,
And buries in its mighty Flood,
The Guilt of num'rous Souls.

HYMN XVIII.

Support under Troubles.

WHEN Troubles press on ev'ry Side,
The Lord is still my Shield ;
To Him I cry for sov'reign Aid,
Nor shall my Courage yield.

- 2 I call to mind what Ages past,
The Lord for Israel wrought ;
Tho' the Red Sea their num'rous Host,
Were by his Mercy brought.

- 3 He led them in the Wilderness,
He gave them Manna there ;
The Rock supplied with Streams their Thirst,
Nor did their Garments wear.
- 4 JORDAN divides to make their Way
Safe to the promis'd Land ;
Led by the Ark the Tribes obey,
And enter at Command.
- 5 I call to mind this wondrous Type,
These ancient Deeds of Fame,
Nor can I give my Valour up,
For GOD is still the same.

H Y M N XIX.

Summer Mercies acknowledged.

- 1 GREAT GOD, thy universal Care
Runs thro' the Seasons of the Year :
Each hath the Blessings which they want,
In Plenty and in Season sent.
- 2 Summer abounds with fruitful Show'rs,
As well as hot and sultry Hours ;
The Sun and Rain are giv'n in turn,
To cool and moisten, cheer and warm.
- 3 The Face of Nature, how it smiles,
Beauty o'er all the Earth prevails ;
The Fields and Hedges dress'd in Green,
Are in their Prime and Vigour seen.

- 4 Blossoms upon the Trees appear,
The Corn springs forward in the Ear,
And Grass new-fall'n in the Plain,
Promise supplies to Beasts and Men.
- 5 The Hills on ev'ry side rejoice ;
The little Birds lift up their Voice ;
While Beasts who o'er the Pastures tread,
Look up, and own their Helper God.
- 6 But Men, for whom the rest receive,
Forget the Arm by which they live :
Bless, Gracious God, this favor'd Land,
And make the Britons own thy Hand.
- 7 Regard and hear an humble Few,
Who with the Year their Praise renew ;
And, while thy Providence they bless,
Desire and ask thy richer Grace.

H Y M N XX.

On Resorting to the House of God in the Week

- 1 **T**EDIOUS and long the Week appears,
Without a Visit to the House,
Where we unbend from lesser Cares,
And to diviner Thoughts give Place.
- 2 Here our Souls breath a purer Air,
And live upon superior Food ;
The Saints our sweet Companions are,
In the blest Worship of our God.

- 3 The Lord himself descends to dwell,
And owns the Service of the Place;
Like One whose Heart approves it well,
Here He reveals his lovely Face .
- 4 While th'unthinking World inquire,
Where they may gain some sensual Good,
The only Bliss our Souls desire,
Is the Enjoyment of our God.
- 5 Lord, make thy Countenance to shine,
Now to thy House our Feet are come,
One Smile of that dear Face of thine,
Will send us all rejoicing Home.

H Y M N XXI.

*Christ the Ark of Safety, or Noah's Ark a
Type of CHRIST.*

- 1 **N**O other Refuge from the Flood,
The Creatures once could find,
Than the blest Ark ordain'd of God,
For Flesh of ev'ry Kind.
- 2 No other Refuge for our Souls
But CHRIST the Ark of Grace;
When Vengeance like a Flood prevails,
He is our Hiding Place.
- 3 What Numbers did the Ark contain
Of ev'ry Shape and Name;
Of Beasts Unclean as well as Clean,
The Savage and the Tame.

- 4 Not less the Saviour's Pow'r and Grace,
 Than the appointed Sign ;
 He takes the Vilest of our Race,
 Both Jew and Gentile in.
- 5 Thousands in Our⁹ and distant Lands,
 Have here for shelter come ;
 And still the Door wide open stands,
 And CHRIST assures there's Room.
- 6 Help us, O Lord, to shun the Storm,
 And fly to this Relief ;
 Then shall our Souls escape from Harm,
 And dwell for ever safe.

H Y M N XXII.

The Wonders of the Heavens.

- 1 **W**HAT an amazing Scene appears,
 Above us in the shining Stars ;
 Who can describe their wond'rous Frames,
 Or call them by their sev'ral Names ?
- 2 Plac'd in their different Orbs they shine,
 Nor do they spend their Rays in vain ;
 Huge Worlds thro' Distance lost to Sight,
 Move round them and enjoy their Light
- 3 Where shall we set Creation Bounds,
 Or limit the Almighty's Hands ?
 Like Hills o'er Hills, so Worlds arise,
 In long Successions thro' the Skies.

H Y M N XXIII.

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- 4 Earth, where the Sons of Adam dwell,
Shrinks into Nothing by the Whole :
The Sun and Planets are no more,
Than Grains of sand upon the Shore.

H Y M N XXIII.

The Seasons of the Year and of Life compared

- 1 **D**ARK Wintry Days and Nights succeed
The Summer's shining Hours ;
And Age and Death advance with speed
To damp Youth's sprightly Pow'rs.
- 2 The Seasons in perpetual Change,
Are Emblems of our Life ;
They shew us Turns amazing strange
Of Pleasure and of Grief.
- 3 But Nature alters not in vain,
These Changes suit its Face ;
So Youth and Age, and Joy and Pain,
Are useful in their Place.
- 4 O, to learn Wildom from the Ant,
I'mprove the present Hour
Of Youth, and Health, and Comfort sent,
To lay up future Store.
- 5 While Summer Months, and Autumn last,
She loads her Winter's Cell ;
And teaches Mortals, ere they're past,
To use the seasons well.

H Y M N XXIV.

H Y M N XXIV.

On the Death of an aged Saint.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the aged Saint in Death,
How peaceful is his End!
The dying Flesh, and fault'ring Breath,
Conceal a happy Mind.
- 2 When Nature with its Comforts fail,
Faith still exerts its Power;
Strongly supports th' immortal Soul,
When Sense can help no more.
- 3 Could we but once withdraw the Veil,
What wond'rous Scenes would rise!
The great Redeemer aiding still,
And Angels from the Skies!
- 4 The loving Saviour comes to meet
The Soul upon the Road,
And Heav'nly Hosts in Order wait,
To bear it up to God,
- 5 Not Thrones of State where Monarchs reign
Display such Pomp and Pow'r,
As round the Saint by Faith are seen,
At his departing Hour.
- 6 O for a strong enliv'ning Faith
To take the heav'nly View:
Then should we triumph in his Death,
And long to follow too.

H Y M N XXV.

H Y M N XXV.

Pleading for Mercy.

- 1 **T**H' Encouragement, O Lord, how great,
For Sinners to approach thy Feet,
So vast thy Mercy, and so free
Affords the Vilest Souls a Plea.
- 2 When Israel groan'd beneath the Rod,
Then wast thou known a pard'ning God :
From all Eternity the same,
Mercy and Truth make up thy Name.
- 3 Is not the Promise free and sure ?
" Your Sins I'll not remember more."
Forgiveness is thy sov'reign Right,
And Mercy makes it her Delight.
- 4 Our guilty Spirits venture near,
And plead that tender Character :
The gracious Words of Promise too,
How can we fail with such in View ?
- 5 Our Lips confess our Sins are great,
So num'rous, they exceed our Thought ;
But Mercy, through a Saviour's blood,
Blots out Transgressions like a Cloud.
- 6 O let thy pard'ning Love be shewn,
And fill our Souls with Joys unknown ;
To endless Years our Song shall be,
Who is a pard'ning God like thee.

H Y M N XXVII.

H Y M N XXVI.

For the Sabbath Evening.

- 1 **O**UR Sabbaths hasten to a close, [stay,
How few their Hours, how short their
The Ev'ning Shades come on apace
To put a Period to the Day.
- 2 Much we lament their speedy Flight,
Beyond our other fleeting Days,
The Sweetest Intervals of Light
Sacred to our Redeemer's Praise.
- 3 Like the Disciples on the Mount,
We feel it pleasant to be here,
The World grows less in our account,
And all its Charms look mean and poor.
- 4 JESUS breaks in upon our Eyes,
Our Faith admires, our Passions feel;
But soon the Heav'nly Vision dies,
And we descend the fav'rite Hill.
- 5 Well, there's a Sabbath hast'ning on,
Whose Joys, once known, are never gone;
A blest'd ETERNITY to spend,
When Sabbaths here are at an End.

H Y M N XXVII.

Christ the Bread of Life.

- 1 **T**HE Lord himself, the Great and Good,
Deigns to become his People's Food,

H Y M N XXVIII.

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He is their All-sufficient Bread,
With which their Souls are daily fed.

- 2 They feed by Faith, and largely share
Rich Blessings from such heav'nly Fare;
Here they obtain their vast Desires,
Life, everlasting Life, is their's.
- 3 He that believeth shall not die,
But live and reign above the Sky;
He who hath promis'd is the Lord,
And will fulfil his gracious Word.
- 4 Our starving Minds desire to know,
And taste this heav'nly Manna too;
Is not thy Promise to the Poor?
Lord, give it now and evermore.

H Y M N XXVIII.

The Danger of Hypocrisy.

- 1 **L**ET Hypocrites attend and fear
While the Redeemer's Lips declare,
Woe to the Men, who outward fair,
Like painted Sepulchres appear.
- 2 Their Hearts, like Monuments, within,
Are full of Malice, Pride, and Sin;
All their Religion's but a Shew,
And vain their Expectation too.

- 3 God, from on High, their Faults espies,
 Their impious Arts, and base Disguise;
 His Word records their dreadful Doom,
 And bids them fly the Wrath to come.
- 4 Awake their Consciences, O Lord,
 By the loud Threat'nings of thy Word:
 How can they bear the Wrath of Hell,
 Or with eternal Burnings dwell?
- 5 We read thy Word with trembling Awe,
 Least our own Character they draw,
 And our Profession be no more
 Than the bare Form without the Pow'r.
- 6 Searcher of Hearts, vouchsafe to hear,
 And make our Lives and Souls sincere;
 Sav'd from Hypocrisy below,
 We shall escape its heavy Woe.

H Y M N XXIX.

The Goodness of God in sparing Life.

- 1 **S**HALL not our Souls unite in Prayer,
 To him who makes our Lives his Care,
 And saves from Death and Dangers nigh,
 Tho' Friends and Neighbours round us die!
- 2 Why not our Breath cut short as their's,
 And all our Hopes of future Years?
 'Tis to his sov'reign Grace we owe
 That we are spar'd and favor'd so.

- 3 Our Bodies, form'd of kindred Clay,
Are frail and perishing as they;
Our Sins, as great, deserve the Tomb,
And Hell itself to be our Doom.
- 4 Yet Mercy spares from Day to Day,
And still invites to praise and pray:
Once more our Lips address the Throne,
Ere We are snatch'd to Worlds unknown.
- 5 Accept the Service of our Breath,
O thou who hast preserv'd from Death;
And let the Remnant of our Time,
God of our Lives, be wholly thine.

H Y M N XXX.

Christ's Exaltation and Victory.

- 1 JESUS our Priest and Sacrifice,
Ascends in Triumph to the Skies,
There, as the Father's only Son,
He dwells upon a lofty Throne.
- 2 He sits our Intercessor there,
And reigns a glorious Conqueror;
His Sceptre o'er the Worlds extend,
His wide Dominion knows no End.
- 3 His Enemies in vain combine,
Against his Throne, against his Reign,
He rules and governs as He please,
And curbs their Malice by Degrees.

- 4 Devils his most invet'rate Foes,
The World, and Sin, who now oppose;
And Death itself shall all be slain,
Ne'er to revive and rage again.
- 5 Then shall the Saints lift up their Head,
And live when all their Foes are dead;
They shall possess a long Reward,
The Joy and Kingdom of their Lord.

H Y M N XXXI.

The Despisers of the Gospel punished.

- 1 **H**OW shall that impious Race escape
Who treat the Saviour ill?
Justice will surely overtake,
And sweep them all to Hell.
- 2 Such Grace the Father ne'er display'd
As through th'eternal Son,
When on a Cross he bled and died
To raise us to a Throne.
- 3 Shall the Transgressors of his Law
His deep Resentments know,
And Men his Gospel disobey,
And yet unpunish'd go?
- 4 A sorer Vengeance is their Doom
Who slight the offer'd Grace,
They shall fall down beneath his Arm,
And die before his Face.

- 5 Let Sinners take the Warning soon,
 Nor longer disregard,
 Now is the great Salvation known,
 And offer'd by the Lord.

H Y N M XXXII.

Redemption.

- 1 **G**reat was the Work, and wise the plan
 Of Old, to make and fashion man;
 But to restore him when destroy'd,
 Stands first of all the Works of God.
- 2 When Sin had brought us in its Pow'r,
 And Death and Hell were at our Door,
 Jesus, in pity to our Race,
 Descends, and takes the Sinner's Place.
- 3 Array'd in human Flesh He's seen,
 And well performs his Father's Scheme;
 The Whole was finish'd on the Cross.
 And witness'd when the Saviour rose.
- 4 Now is this great Salvation known,
 And freely offer'd through the Son,
 Grace here abounds o'er num'rous Sins,
 And to eternal glory reigns.
- 5 Angels above, and Saints below,
 View and admire this Myst'ry too;
 But all our Wonder and our Thought,
 Fall far below its glorious Height.

H Y M N XXXIV.

H Y M N XXXIII.

*CHRIST glorious on the Cross ; or,
The Triumph of Grace.*

- 1 **H**IGH on the Cross the Saviour hung,
His Glories thence are known ;
Immortal Blessings on his Tongue
Convert it to a Throne.
- 2 What wond'rous Words his Lips pronounce,
What royal Grace He gives,
And the rich Gifts his Words dispense
A dying Thief receives.
- 3 O sov'reign Pow'r ! O glorious Grace !
He speaks, and by his Breath
Opens the Gates of Paradise,
And saves a Soul in Death.
- 4 Blest Proof of Virtues all divine,
Which from his Suff'rings flow !
Ye Guilty come, and prove in Time
What heav'nly Love can do.

H Y M N XXXIV.

Seeking Christ.

- 1 **D**OTH not my Heart desire and long
To see the Saviour's Face ?
To hear the Music of his Tongue
In Words of kindest Grace ?

- 2 The softest Whispers of his Voice,
A Glimpse but now and then,
How they give Life to all my Joys,
And raise a Heav'n within.
- 3 My Sorrows like the Shades of Night
Before the rising Sun,
When my Redeemer comes in Sight,
Die and are quickly gone.
- 4 The Tempter leaves my Soul and flies,
Like Beasts of midnight Prey,
Who roam abroad till light arise,
And hide themselves by Day.
- 5 O wou'd my Lord but now appear,
How wou'd his Temple shine!
Come, my Beloved, hasten here,
For thou art surely mine.

H Y M N XXXV.

CHRIST's Victory over his Enemies.

- 1 **G**lorious Day approaching near,
When the Church's Foes are slain,
All their Rage shall disappear,
All their Efforts prove in vain.
- 2 **J**ESUS will subdue at length
Both his Enemies and our's,
Sin, the World, with all their Strength,
Death and Hell's infernal Pow'rs.

- 3 Soul-transporting Thought indeed !
 Subjects of the Lamb rejoice,
 Triumph now in CHRIST your Head,
 War to Vict'ry must give Place.
- 4 We shall surely overcome
 By the Lamb's redeeming Blood
 We shall reign upon a Throne,
 Kings and Priests in Heav'n to God.
- 5 Now begin the Conq'ror's Song,
 Ere you mount the starry Plains;
 Saints, be joyful in your King,
 Shout the Lamb for ever reigns.

H Y M N XXXVI.

The Church's Safety.

- 1 **W**hen Troubles rise, & Storms invade
 The Church's Peace and Safety here,
 GOD is their all-sufficient Aid,
 And grants an Answer to their Pray'r.
- 2 Israel of old besought the Lord,
 He heard them in their deep Distress,
 He gave them first a gracious Word,
 And brought them the desired Rest.
- 3 The Saints in ev'ry age may take
 The Comfort which his Promise gives,
 'Midst all their Straits, He'll ne'er forsake
 But kindly pardons and relieves.

H Y M N XXXVII.

Harvest.

- 1 **H**OW large and lib'ral thy Supplies,
Author of Nature, Earth, and Skies;
How are the Meadows and the Fields
Enrich'd with what thy Bounty yields.
- 2 The grazing Herds the Pastures tread,
With Grass of cy'ry Kind o'erspread;
And Stacks of ripen'd Grain arise
To cheer our Hearts and bless our Eyes.
- 3 The Husbandman his Harvest shares
A full Reward for all his Cares;
Our Barns receive the precious Store
To fill the Wants of Rich and Poor.
- 4 How shou'd our Hearts and Tongues unite,
And make thy Praises our delight;
Let Husbandmen and Reapers stand,
And thankfully confess thy Hand.
- 5 O let this favor'd Isle, at large,
Their Work of Gratitude discharge;
Our universal praise is due
For Plenty all the Kingdom thro'.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

*Sick Hezekiah or, Sickness and Mortality
universal.*

- 1 **N**OT Saints escape the Stroke of Death,
Or Arrows of Disease;

See on his Bed, depriv'd of Health,
Good Hezekiah lies.

- 2 It is decreed that all must die,
The Saint and Sinner too ;
In Danger and Uncertainty
We spend our Days below.
- 3 Sickness and the destroying Grave
Our brightest Prospects slay,
There's none can gain the least Reprieve
When God forbids our Stay.
- 4 Since Life is so precarious found,
'Tis Wisdom to prepare,
And ere we quit this earthly Ground,
To make our Souls our Care.

H Y M N XXXIX.

The Advantage of Religion.

- 1 **R**ELIGION, like the rising Sun,
Sheds its bright Beams abroad ;
And makes its Grace and Virtues known
In Paths which lead to God.
- 2 Happy the Men who feel its Pow'r
New model all their Frame ;
Whose holy Zeal, that heav'nly Fire,
Burns with the purest Flame.

- 3 They, with a fix'd and steady Course,
Perform their Saviour's Will;
How bright and active is their Race
Tow'rd's the celestial Hill.
- 4 Like shining Lights, which can't be hid,
Their good Examples stand;
And found in Wisdom's pleasant Road,
How peaceful is their End.
- 5 O may our Souls possess the Grace,
The Light of heav'nly Day;
And ever hast'ning on apace,
Shine brighter all the Way.

H Y M N XL.

*Noah's Deluge; or,
Divine Vengeance and Mercy.*

- 1 "YET sev'n Days," the Lord proclaim'd
"And the whole Earth shall be destroy'd,
"My Wrath awaken'd by their Crimes,
"Shall bring an universal Flood.
- 2 "Noah alone I've righteous found,
"Him and his Family I'll save;
"But the whole World beside shall drown,
"And perish in a wat'ry Grave.
- 3 Thus faith the Lord, the Word is sure,
Nor longer will his Vengeance sleep;
From Heav'n tremendous Torrents pour,
And the great Deeps are broken up.

- 4 The Waters rise, and as they spread,
Destruction reigns on ev'ry Side;
Save where the Ark, ordain'd of God,
Prevails above the swelling Tide.
- 5 So, when the Earth is burnt at Last,
And Sinners meet their fi'ry Doom,
Saints shall survive secure in CHRIST
For everlasting Years to come.

H Y M N XLI.

Jabez's Prayer, 1 Chron. iv. 10.

- 1 **O** Thou who heardst when Jabez pray'd,
Like him we offer up our Pray'rs,
That God would bless our Souls indeed,
And make his Grace and Mercy our's.
- 2 Subdue our Foes, enlarge our Coast,
Increase thy Kingdom in our Souls;
Drive Satan and his num'rous Host
From ev'ry Place the Tyrant holds.
- 3 Thy Hand be with us on the Road,
As to the heav'nly Land we go,
To lead and guard on ev'ry Side,
And raise us up when fall'n low.
- 4 Save us from ev'ry lurking Snare
Whence flow our Sorrows and our Tears,
And let our Souls thy Comforts share,
- 5 'Till the fair Land of Rest appears.

H Y M N XLII.

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H Y M N XLII.

Thoughts in the Night.

- 1 **W**hen Day gives place to gloomy night
The Sun is seen no more,
We learn the Value of the Light
More than we did before.
- 2 Each hath its well-appointed Place,
Our Nights as well as Days;
Their Changes make us prize the last,
And speed us in our Ways.
- 3 As needful in the present State
Are the black heavy Hours,
When Christ withdraws his shining Light
From o'er our nobler Pow'rs.
- 4 The Darknes makes us wish for Day,
And love it when it comes;
Our active Souls improve its Stay,
Nor waste its heav'nly Beams.
- 5 If but a glim'ring Ray is seen,
What Joy is then begun!
Fair Harbinger of Light divine,
And Earnest of the Sun!
- 6 Both Light and Darknes make us long
To tread the heav'nly Plains;
There gloomy Nights are never known,
But Day eternal reigns.

H Y M N XLIII.

*Meditation at the Lord's Table, with Joy and
Thankfulness, urged.*

- 1 **Y**E Saints who now surround his Board,
Think on your dear departed Lord;
See matchless Love, and most divine,
In broken Bread and flowing Wine.
- 2 These are the Symbols which He left
To feast our Souls and make us blest;
Sweet Tokens that we largely share
An Int'rest in his heav'nly Care.
- 3 Thus was his Body broke for Sin,
His Blood was shed, a vital Stream,
To give new Life to dying Souls,
Here, like a Tide, Salvation rolls.
- 4 Whilst Sorrow trickles from our Eyes,
And Groans and Sighs within arise;
Joy claims a Place, among the Rest,
For Grace that cannot be express.
- 5 In sweet Obedience to thy Word,
Lord, we have feasted at thy Board,
And crown the whole with thankful Tongues;
Accept our Service and our Songs.

H Y M N XLIV.

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H Y M N XLIV.

The glorious Resurrection.

- 1 **S**HALL these dry Bones e'er live again ?
With their old Vesture cloth'd afresh ?
That for revolving Years have lain
Without one Trace of Human Flesh ?
- 2 Our unassisted Reason droops,
Bewilder'd in the dark it lies ;
But Faith supports our strongest Hopes,
That one Day all this Dust shall rise.
- 3 Amazing Prospect, new and strange,
Which the last Trumpet's Sound shall make ;
The Living in a Moment change,
The waking Dead their Graves forsake.
- 4 The Saints shall at their rising Day
Spring from Corruption, Dust and Worms,
And cloth'd upon with bright Array,
Shall shine in their divinest Forms.
- 5 Amidst their Triumphs how they sing
With all th' enlarged Pow'rs they have,
"Where now thy sharp invenom'd Sting,
"O Death ? and where's thy Vict'ry, Grave ?
- 6 "Now is the great Destroyer dead :
"Our everlasting Thanks shall rise
"To God, thro' Christ, our Living Head,
"For such Immortal Victories."

H Y M N XLV.

For the Head of a Family.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a most important Charge
Falls to thy Creature's Hand ;
Children, a rising Heritage,
And Servants at Command.
- 2 Thy Scriptures ancient Witness gave
To Abraham's Piety,
Whose Aim and Honour t'was to have
A Godly Family.
- 3 O to acquit myself as well ;
With the like Zeal inspir'd,
Among my Household so to dwell,
And have thy Ways desir'd.
- 4 For Self, and Servants, and my Seed,
One Wish commands my Pow'rs,
That we may walk as Abrah'm did,
And Abrah'm's God be Ours.

H Y M N XLVI.

Exhortations to Zion's Travellers.

FELLOW-PILGRIMS, Strangers, come,
Heav'n is our eternal Home ;
Rise and hasten on apace,
Earth's a strange bewilder'd Place.

- 2 'Tis a gloomy Vale of Tears,
Thick beset with Sins and Cares :
All worth having, is Above,
Fellow Christians, Heav'nwards move.
- 3 Cautious tread the Heav'nly Steps,
And beware of sinful Slips ;
Ne'er comply with Fleshly Lusts ;
These are Enemies to us.
- 4 Satan haunts the Pilgrim's Way,
Eager of his heedless Prey ;
Use the Word for your Defence ;
Seek by Pray'r renewed Strength.
- 5 Constant keep your Home in View ;
Look to JESUS as you go ;
Pilgrim-like pursue the Road,
You will quickly be with God.

H Y M N XLVII.

Zaccheus ; or, The Soul entertaining Christ.

- 1 **T**HRICE happy Man, divinely blest,
Who owns the Saviour for a Guest !
What Gifts his Lips and Hands impart
To ev'ry opening, willing Heart.
- 2 He brings Salvation on his Tongue,
And keeps the Souls He dwells among ;
He enters never to remove,
And well rewards for all their Love,

- 3 Thus was Zaccheus blest'd of old,
Beyond what Words or Pens have told,
When joyful He receiv'd the Lord,
And made him welcome at his Board.
- 4 The Pharisees were bold and proud,
And with their Tongues complain'd aloud,
"He's gone to be a Guest with One,
"A Sinner and a Publican."
- 5 Our Hearts adore and bless the Grace,
And wish us in Zaccheus' Place ;
Since thou hast dwelt with Sinners there,
Come, Lord, and make a Visit here.

H Y M N XLVIII.

The Idle expostulated with.

- 1 **Y**E thoughtless Mortals, hear the Word
And mention why, if you can say,
Your Souls, regardless of the Lord,
Stand idle all the Gospel Day.
- 2 Why will you spend your strength for nought
And dream of Happiness below ?
Why shall the World and Wealth be sought,
And on your Souls no Care bestow ?
- 3 Religion claims our great Concern,
'Tis the main thing in Life and Death ;
Turn then, ye thoughtless Mortals, turn,
While you enjoy your Life and Breath.

- 4 The Saviour calls you from Above,
He calls you to the best Employ,
To seek an Int'rest in his Love,
And Heav'n, his most exceeding Joy.

H Y M N XLIX.

The Love of Christ immeasurable.

- 1 **T**He Heav'ns with their stupendous frame
Proclaim their great Creator's Hand,
Whocalls the Starry Hosts by Name,
And orders where they all must stand.
- 2 Night unto Night confirms the Truth,
The Voice of Nature speaks by Day,
Sun, Moon, and Stars alike, shew forth
His Glories in their shining Way.
- 3 But with the Volume of his Word,
They wear a brighter Aspect still,
And to the Honour of their Lord,
Declare his Grace, as well as Skill.
- 4 We may as soon count the Stars o'er,
And say how high the Heav'ns above,
As our poor Lab'ring Minds explore
The vast Dimensions of his Love,

Self-converse in Time of Trouble.

- 1 **L**ET not my Troubled Heart be sad,
Nor anxious Thoughts prevail,
All my Complaints I'll leave with God,
Whose Love can never fail.
- 2 I'll tell him all as tho' unknown,
Nor will conceal the least;
I'll lay the whole before his Throne,
To order what is best.
- 3 Call to remembrance former Days,
When thou hast found him kind;
The past Experience of his Ways
May stay thy sinking Mind,
- 4 How oft his Mercy hath appear'd,
In difficulties vast;
How oft prevented what was fear'd,
Or strengthen'd for the worst.
- 5 Why art thou then cast down so low?
Why doubtful of his Love?
He, who hath help'd thee hitherto,
Will all thy Burdens move.
- 6 Now is the Time of thy Distress,
The Lord may soon appear;
Oft it is seen, when Dangers press,
Then is Deliv'rance near.

H Y M N LI. LII.

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H Y M N LI.

The Approach of Winter.

1 **T**HE Face of Nature seems to shew
The Winter near at Hand,
Its verdure wears a ghastly Hue,
And Blasts sweep o'er the land.

2 The Ev'ning Shades come on apace,
The rising Moisture chills ;
The Sun soon finishes his Race,
And gains the Western Hills.

3 How soon the Winter Months come on,
How fast the Year turns round ;
The Scenes so lately our's are gone,
And no where to be found.

4 Our Lives, with each declining Year,
Grow less in their Amount ;
And Death, advancing in the Rear,
Oft shortens their Account.

5 How shou'd we grasp the present Hour,
And use the Moments well ;
May grace divine our Souls prepare,
Let Death come when it will.

H Y M N LII.

The Church the Temple of God on Earth.

BEHOLD the King of Zion here,
Assembling Saints around him stand ;

Not Courts such princely Glories wear,
With all the Monarchs of the Land.

- 2 This is the Temple of our God,
His Residence below the Sky,
Built on a Rock, it firm hath stood,
And lasts till Time and Nature die.
- 3 This is the Mansion where the Saints
Approach his Throne, and there obtain
A gracious Ear to their Complaints;
For none shall seek his Face in vain.
- 4 Well may we love, and wish to come
And make it our divine abode.
'Till we exchange it for our Home,
Heav'n, the fair Palace of our God.

H Y M N LIV.

*The Nation's Deliverance ; or,
A Hymn for the Fifth of November.*

- 1 **L** Et not this British Isle forget [wrought
The wonders which the Lord hath
But constant as the Season comes,
Praise thou'd employ ten thousand Tongues.
- 2 In vain the Pow'rs of Hell and Rome
Assault the Senate and the Throne;
And with more Rage and Malice still
Direct a Blow at Zion's Hill.

- 3 Our God, who rules the World at large,
Makes Britain his peculiar Charge;
And by his Grace and Pow'r combin'd,
Prevents the mischief they design'd.

Had not the LORD been on our side,
Our Foes had liv'd, our Country di'd;
And our beloved Zion too,
Had perish'd in the Overthrow.

- 5 What Wonders have our Ears been told;
Like Israel's Miracles of old;
O let it ne'er of us be said
Like them, "They soon forgot their God."

- 6 O Britains, raise your Songs on high,
And sound his Praises thro' the Sky;
Let Youth and Age together own,
And make their great Deliv'rer known.

H Y M N LIV.

*The Same, when the Fifth of November falls
on the Sabbath.*

- 1 **L**ET Ministers proclaim aloud,
And Saints rejoicing hear,
What Wonders were perform'd of God,
Proofs of his Love and Care.

- 2 To-day He conquer'd Death and Hell
 With their infernal pow'rs,
 The Saviour-God perform'd it well
 To make the Blessings our's.
- 3 Salvation from a Load of Guilt,
 And everlasting Pains,
 Springs from the precious Blood He spilt,
 And Throne on which he reigns.
- 4 When Foes, like Wolves, with Fire & Swords
 Our Country wou'd devour,
 The Battle soon became the Lord's,
 And Conquest by his Pow'r.
- 5 To-day he gave the fatal blow,
 And rais'd our Triumphs high;
 Their vain Designs to bring us low
 Brought their own Ruin nigh.
- 6 Long as the British Isle endures
 Let Britain's Sons record
 The Mercies shewn in former Years,
 And bless and praise the Lord.

HYMN LV.

*On the Administration of Baptism and the
 Lord's Supper.*

- 1 **K**ING of thy Church, assembled now,
 Before thy Throne we humbly bow,

H Y M N LVI.

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And own, with holy Love and Fear,
The various Tokens of thy Care.

- 2 To-day both Ordinances meet,
Where Christ and Saints each other greet;
Blest Union ! how divinely fair
Does JESUS in them both appear.
- 3 The Cov'nant Blessings of our God,
Renewing Grace and pard'ning Blood,
Have each their own appointed Seal,
And answer well their Saviour's Will.
- 4 Baptismal Water is the Sign,
And broken Bread and flowing Wine ;
With willing Mind and Feet we come,
And bring our infant Seed along.
- 5 Vouchsafe thy Presence, Lord, and bless
Both these Appointments of thy Grace ;
No sacred Rites alone will do,
Thou art our All, and only Thou.

H Y M N LVI.

The Fountain of Life.

GRACE like a Fountain sweetly flows,
And Saints who taste the living Stream
Are Sharers in substantial Bliss,
And Blessings more then we can name.

- 2 Life, Health, and Peace flow plenteous down
To those who Christ and Grace receive;
The Joys above are all their own,
And here below they live and thrive.
- 3 The Gospel-Spring is always full,
The Thirsty there may find Supply,
When Earth with all its Cisterns fail,
And leave our Souls to pine and die.
- 4 The Water runs divinely free,
And all who will are welcome there;
This is Encouragement for me,
I'll go and seek it now by Pray'r.

H Y M N LVII.

Seeking Christ's Pastures. Cant. 1. 7.

- 1 **D**EAR Shepherd let me never be
A Wand'rer from thy Flock and thee;
Shew me the Pastures where they feed,
And where thy cool refreshing Shade.
- 2 My Soul, oppress'd with Fear and Doubt,
Searches in vain to find them out,
Unless thy Spirit is my Guide
To lead and set me by their Side.
- 3 The rich Provisions of thy Grace
Are what my Soul desires to taste;
And faint beneath the Sun-beams stroke,
I seek the shelter of the Rock.

- 1 Follow where my Saviour leads,
 These are the Pastures where he feeds;
 This the Blest Rock, beneath whose Shade
 No sultry Heats their Rest invade.
- 5 Here are the Shepherds Tents; and there
 The Flock appears divinely fair;
 The full grown, and the tender Lambs,
 Known by their sev'ral diff'rent Names.
- 6 Here, my Beloved, I wou'd stay,
 Nor wish nor seek another Way,
 Till the chief Shepherd Christ, shall come,
 And take the Sheep and Shepherds Home.

H Y M N LVIII.

Christ's Answer to the Church. Cant. i. 8.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour lends a gracious Ear,
 To ev'ry Church and Saint's Request.
 He'll make their Path of Duty clear,
 Where they may feed, lie down and rest.
- 2 Go, saith the Shepherd, go thy Way,
 My Spouse, the Fairest of the Fair;
 The Footsteps of the Flock pursue,
 And to the Shepherds Tents repair.
- 3 The Way the Saints of old have trod,
 And where my faithful Servants preach,
 There wilt thou find thy Saviour-God;
 My Presence shall abide with Such.

4 'I here shalt thou live on heav'nly Food,
The glorious Truths their Lips reveal,
There shalt thou rest thy weary Head
Beneath the cool refreshing Hill.

5 LORD, we have heard and wou'd obey,
Beside the Shepherds Tents we wait ;
Supply our Wants from Day to Day,
And be our Shade from scorching Heat.

H Y N M LIX.

Stedfastness approved of. Rev. ii. 13.

1 **T**HUS faith the Lord to Pergamos,
To his belov'd Assembly there,
And still He speaks the same to us,
If we are faithful and sincere.

2 "I know your Works and your Abode,
"Where Satan reigns in Pow'r and State;
"There where my faithful Servant bled
"And many loud blaspheme and hate.

3 "I know your Works, and well approve,
"And will, ere long, bestow Rewards
"For all the Tokens of your Love,
"The strict Observance of my Words."

4 Yet doth the Prince of Darkness reign,
And hate and persecute the Saints ;
Our Souls shall put fresh Courage on,
Blest is the Man that never faints.

- 5 Like Antipas, of glorious Name,
 So let us all resist to Blood;
 Nor yield to sinful Fear and Shame,
 To quit the Cause of Christ our God.

H Y M N LX.

The Vanity of Life.

- 1 **H**OW vain and empty are our Lives,
 Of short uncertain Date;
 From ev'ry op'ning Grave we learn
 The frailty of our State.
- 2 Amidst innum'able Worlds,
 And Creatures which there be,
 Of nobler Mould and higher Rank,
 What worthless Things are we.
- 3 How vain is Life whilst Men pursue
 Ought that the World can give;
 Worldlings, whose Portions lie below,
 Can scarce be said to live.
- 4 How vain is Life when once compar'd
 With the eternal State;
 And all those great and high Concerns
 To which our Souls relate.
- 5 Jesus, redeem us by thy Blood,
 And make us know we're Men;
 So shall we live to thee alone,
 And die to live again.

- 6 Beset with various Ills of life,
 A thousand gaping Graves;
 Lord, we adore that gracious Hand
 That still preserves and saves.

H Y M N LXI.

Heaven preferable to Earth.

- 1 **B**EAUTY o'er all the Earth prevails,
 And Fragrance fills the Air;
 Yet Faith climbs up the heav'nly Hills,
 And tastes the Sweetness there.
- 2 What are the Charms which Nature yields
 Compar'd with thine, my God?
 Or what the Savour of the Fields
 With thy atoning Blood?
- 3 The Father's Glories reconcil'd,
 Shine thro' the Saviour's Face;
 The Sinner views the Ransom paid,
 And takes the offer'd Grace.
- 4 O glorious Source of high Delight
 To trace the sacred Ground;
 A Paradise of nobler Sweets
 Than Eden's Soil was found.
- 5 Our Lips break out in unknown Strains
 For such a Sight as this,
 While Joy springs forward thro' our Veins
 At thoughts of so much Bliss.

H Y M N LXII.

On baptising a Child.

1. **J**ESUS, at thy Command we bring
Our infant Seed to thee;
An humble Off'ring to our King,
Who takes them as they be.
- 2 The Grace which makes the Cov'nant sure
Seals it to us and ours;
He gives Believers first a Share,
And makes the Children Heirs.
- 3 With joyful Heart and thankful Lip
We pour the sacred Sign,
While the kind Promise aids our Hope
Of Blessings more divine.
- 4 Here let thy Cov'nant Love be shewn,
Accept our solemn Vows;
Take the dear Infant for thy own,
And bless thy Servant's House.
- 5 Be thou a God to them and their's
For endless Years to come;
And, when they've past a Life of Cares,
Then bear their Household Home.

H Y M N LXIII.

Fidelity rewarded.

Rev. ii. 15.

- 1 **H**EAR what the Lord, the Spirit, saith
To those whose Conflict is begun,
Hold out but faithful unto Death,
And I will give a glorious Crown.
- 2 How shou'd our Hearts, inspir'd with Zeal,
Preis forward and maintain the Fight,
Tho' Sin, the World, and Death, and Hell,
Against our Int'rest all unite.
- 3 Short at the longest is the Strife,
And freely to reward our Toil,
We shall possess a Crown of Life,
As Cong'rors on the heav'nly Hill.
- 4 Come, Saints, and let us still pursue,
Weak in ourselves, in Christ we trust
And that eternal Life in View
Shall make Amends for all at last.

H Y M N LXIV.

The divine Judgments in the Weather.

- 1 **H**OW grand and awful is our God,
Hishund'ring Voice rends Earth and
Lightning and Storms obey his Nod [Skies,
And Nature's fairest Prospect dies.

- 2 Our Hopes lie with'ring on the Ground,
If once our Sins provoke his Wrath ;
There's none escapes his mighty Hand,
Whom he pursues and dooms to Death.
- 3 The Trees and Hedges blighted mourn,
The Rains destroy the new-mown grafs ;
Hail-stones sweep o'er the rising Corn,
And Men and Beasts the Change confess.
- 4 Awake our Hearts, adore and mourn
The Sins which call such Judgments down,
And that his Wrath no longer burn,
Let earnest Cries ascend the Throne.
- 5 Spare us. O Lord, in Mercy spare,
And make the gloomy Season smile ;
Let ev'ry Place thy Bounty share,
The humble Vale and lofty Hill.
- 6 So shall thy Praise our Lips employ,
Thy Church shall bless thee for thy Grace,
Which bids our Tears give Place to Joy,
And sends Deliv'rance in Distress.

H Y M N LXV.

The Patience of God.

- 1 **H**OW kind and patient is our God,
To Sinners who provoke his Rod ;
Their Guilt calls Vengeance from the Skies,
But Justice yields to Mercy's Cries.

- 2 How soon the Wrath of Man resents
From Creatures, few and small Affronts;
Were heav'nly Wrath as quick to burn,
Who could escape the dreadful Storm.
- 5 We sing thy great Compassion, Lord,
To Rebels who deserve the Sword;
Let Hearts of Stone be turn'd to Flesh,
And stubborn Wills be form'd afresh
- 6 Encourag'd by thy Grace we bow,
Forgive our Sins, our Souls renew;
Still let our Case thy Pity move,
And Wrath give place to heav'nly Love.

HYMN LXVI.

Grace victorious and encouraging.

- 1 **I**N vain doth Satan strive
The Sinner's Heart to gain,
When JESUS comes with Sov'reign Love,
And bids him to resign.
- 2 The Hosts of Hell are weak,
Tho' they unite as One
His Word alone their Pow'r can break,
And bear their Fury down.
- 3 He'll give our Souls release,
And disappoint our Foes;
On Mourners He bestows his Grace,
And for their Sorrow, Joya.

- 4 He kindly spreads a Feast,
And calls us thither now;
And shall our Lips refuse to taste,
Our Feet refuse to go?
- 5 Shall Unbelief prevail,
And Satan gain our Ear,
When 'tis the Saviour's heav'nly Will,
That Sinners should draw near?
- 6 If Sinners, why not we?
Shall we ourselves except?
Those, he declares, who come to me,
I never will reject.

H Y M N LXVII.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **T**HY Praise shall be my first Employ
To whose celestial care I owe,
The peaceful Hours that I enjoy
When Darkness veils the World below.
- 2 Our Walls and Doors, our Bolts and Bars,
With all attempts to make them sure,
Without his Pow'r who rules the Stars,
Still leave our Persons insecure.
- 3 'Tis God who is a Wall about
The House, and guards a sleeping Worm;
He keeps the Sons of Violence out,
And saves from Sickness, Fire, and Storm.

- 4 He frees from terrifying Dreams,
And dreadful Visions of the Night,
'Tis he maintains my tranquil frames,
Nor lets the Hosts of Hell affright.
- 5 Wakeful as Morning Light comes on,
I rise refresh'd, pursue my Way;
Thy Goodness be my Morning Song,
Who keeps me safe from Day to Day.

H Y M N LXVIII.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **A** Wake my Heart, awake my Lip,
E're drowsy Nature yields to Sleep;
And be the Work, when Light comes on
Repeated in an Ev'ning Song.
- 2 A thousand Souls to-day are fled,
Their Bodies number'd with the Dead;
But my Almighty God restores
My waking and my sleeping Hours.
- 3 A Monument of Grace I stand,
Supported by Jehovah's Hand;
The Mem'ry of my Follies past,
Retards my Flesh from needful Rest.
- 4 The Day is gone beyond recall,
'Tis Night may be the last of all;
Haste, Lord, thy pard'ning Love to me,
Who in the Morning may not be.

Then shall my slumbers gently fall,
 As nightly Dews on Earth distil;
 And all my Pow'rs to sleep resign,
 I am secure if God be mine.

H Y M N LXIX.

Grace abounding.

O Thou high exalted Saviour!
 O Thou Prince of Heav'n above!
 All our Passions glow with Rapture
 At thy most amazing Love.
 Hallelujah, Amen.

Sin and universal Ruin
 Spread on our first Father's Fall;
 But through Christ, the second Adam,
 Grace prevails above them all.
 Hallelujah.

Sinners, view that Grace appearing
 When he comes, th' incarnate God;
 And, our load of Guilt sustaining,
 Sheds his rich atoning Blood.
 Hallelujah.

Now the Reign of Grace commences,
 Pard'ning Crimes of deepest dye;
 Jesus freely Gifts dispenses
 From his glorious Throne on High.
 Hallelujah.

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- 5 To the second Adam flying,
Let the Children of the first,
Be not faithless, but believing:
Trust and be for ever blest.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N LXX.

The Spirit's Influence desired.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, Celestial Dove, descend,
From thy fair Mansions in the Skies,
And bless the Hours our Souls may spend
In Zion, whence our Prayers rise.
- 2 Our Eyes have seen, our Ears have heard
What glorious Things thy Word relates;
How blest'd the Servants of the Lord
Who wait and worship at her Gates.
- 3 Up to thy House our Feet are come
To prove the Joys thy People know;
O for a Sight of Zion's King
To meet and bless us e're we go.

H Y M N LXXI.

The Heavenly Dialect, alluding to Judges xii. 6.

- 1 **S**AINTS have a Language of their own,
The Dialect of Canaan's Land;
Rich are its Words, and sweet its Sounds
To Israel's Host who understand.

- 2 In vain the Hypocrite pretends
To frame and speak the Words aright;
Their stam'ring Lips disprove them Friends,
And shew their Falshood and Deceit.
- 3 How sweet the Men of Grace will talk,
Taught by the Spirit and the Word;
Their rich Experience makes them speak,
As those who know in Truth the Lord.
- 4 Myst'ries to Carnal Minds unknown,
The Saviour's Love, the Spirit's Pow'r,
Command the Service of their Tongue,
At some convenient Place and Hour.
- 5 In Death their Language is the same,
As they pass o'er the swelling Flood,
With an unstam'ring Faith they name
Firm Hopes of Heav'n thro' Christ their God.
- 6 Quickly they reach the upper Shore,
Where they have long desir'd to dwell;
And with diviner Voices there,
Speak the same heav'nly Language still.

H Y M N LXXII.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 COME, Fav'rites of your heav'nly King,
With Songs approach the Throne;
Let all our Tongues with Rapture sing
The Wonders he hath done:

- 2 To-day, the third, th' appointed Day,
The great Redeemer rose,
Like a new Conq'ror on his Way,
Triumphant o'er his Foes.
- 3 He broke the Prison of the Tomb,
He spoil'd the Pow'rs of Death;
Lo, He ascends a glorious Throne,
As Lord of Heav'n and Earth.
- 4 Thence he bestows his Gifts around,
On poor rebellious Worms;
And Natures sunk beneath the Ground,
Put on Celestial Forms.

H Y M N LXXIII.

The wise and foolish Virgins. Matt. xiv.

- 1 **A**T Midnight th' Alarm is giv'n,
The Royal Bridegroom comes,
To take his Bride, the Church to Heav'n
And place her 'mongst his Sons.
- 2 Wak'd by that awful Midnight Cry,
The sleeping Virgins rise,
And view their Sov'reign in the Sky,
With Pleasure and Surprize.
- 3 The Wise prepare to meet their Lord,
Nor trim their Lamps in vain,
They sit around the Nuptial Board,
And share the Feast divine.

H Y M N LXXIV.

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- 4 But foolish Virgins find at last
All their Professions fail;
Their glitt'ring Lamps to Darkness waste
For want of precious Oil.
- 5 The Door is shut, in vain they knock,
There's no Admission there;
Their Hopes by Disappointment broke,
Sink into deep Despair.
- 6 Oh to escape their wretched Doom,
And with the Wise be found,
That we may enter while there's Room,
And feel our Joys abound.

H Y M N LXXIV.

Praise for the Prospect of Harvest.

- 1 **A** WAKE our Heart, awake our Voice,
Our God demands a Song;
Sing of his Mercy in his Ways,
And praise him with your Tongue.
- 2 His tender Mercies o'er his Works,
Throughout the World appear;
Nature in strongest Language speaks,
The Creatures are his Care.
- 3 The Clouds at his Command disperse,
The Sun breaks out again;
Its Warmth dries up the soaking Earth,
And speeds the rip'ning Grain.

- 4 The Harvest hastens on apace,
O'er ev'ry Hill and Plain,
Let Husbandmen prepare a Place,
And store the precious Grain.
- 5 Our rolling Days and fleeting Years
Our Gratitude command
To him, whose Mercy long endures,
To save a guilty Land.
- 6 Let Britons aid us in our Praise,
And swell the feeble Strain,
While Nations, who partake his Grace,
Unite and say, Amen.

H Y M N LXXV.

The Creatures invited to praise God.

- 1 **Y**E Heav'ns of wond'rous Frame,
And Sun with dazzling Light,
Shine to the Honour of his Name,
Whose Glories paint you bright.
- 2 Thou Moon with Silver Rays,
And twinkling Stars of Night,
Assist the silent Hours to praise
The glorious and the Great.
- 3 Ye stormy Winds who sweep,
And gentler Gales which blow,
O'er the wide Ground and wat'ry deep,
Exalt Him as ye go.

- 4 Thou curious painted Bow,
 Made of the falling Rain;
 Of Mercy promis'd long ago,
 Be thou th'appointed Sign.
- 5 Ye Birds of feather'd Wing,
 Let early Songs conspire,
 To praise the great Eternal King
 Who gives you Earth and Air.
- 6 Prolong them through the Day,
 And when the Shades prevail,
 Let Philomel take up her Lay,
 And all his Goodness tell.

H Y M N LXXVI.

On contributing to the Support of the Gospel.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, with what a bounteous Eye,
 And what a lib'ral Hand,
 Thou scatt'rest Blessings from on high
 To make our Joys abound.
- 2 How large thy Providence, and kind,
 While Grace's richer Stores
 Leave all thy other Gifts behind,
 As Suns exceed the Stars.
- 3 O could our Lips and Lives declare
 The Gratitude we owe,
 Alas, how weak our Praises are,
 Compar'd with what are due.

4 Yet wou'd our Hearts desire to feel,
And to exprefs our Love,
In chearful Strains on Zion's Hill,
And Off'rings that we give.

5 Accept, O Lord, the Widow's Mite,
And crown our humble Zeal;
Here is thy Little Chosen Spot,
Confirm and blefs it still.

Let it thro' num'rous Years remain
The Glory of the Place;
And Thousands be constrain'd to own
'Twas here they learnt thy Grace.

HYMN LXXVII.

The Doer of the Word.

- 1 **N**OT the bare Hearers of the Word
Are pleasing to our God;
But Souls, who love and serve the Lord,
Shall dwell in his Abode.
- 2 While Faith for Righteousness depends
On the Redeemer's Name,
Obedience to his just Commands
Will best declare the same.
- 3 Unless the Word is well obey'd,
Our Hearing is in vain;
The Truth, when 'tis with Pow'r receiv'd,
Will make us hate our Sin.

- 4 We must be judg'd by what we do,
As well as what we know ;
And those who hear but don't obey,
Shall suffer endless Woe.
- 5 Blest be the Man, for ever blest,
Whose Heart approves the Word,
Whose Conduct upright, good and just,
Conspires to praise the Lord.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

Acknowledgement for the Written Word.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the Lord for all the Helps
Vouchsaf'd to sinful Men,
To lead their Feet from dang'rous Steps,
And guide them safe to Heav'n.
- 2 Faint are the Beams, the Stars by Night,
And Sun by Day afford,
Compar'd with the superior Light
Of the eternal Word.
- 3 It leads us through the Wilderness,
And well directs our Ways,
Along the Paths of Holiness,
To pure and perfect Peace.
- 4 The Word shall be my Counsellor,
My sweet Companion here ;
The Spirit my Interpreter,
Nor shall my Footsteps err.

H Y M N LXXIX.

H Y M N LXXIX.

The Saints Inheritance and Guard.

- 1 **T**HE Saints may boast a large Estate,
To which their Souls are Heirs;
Whate'r will make their Bliss complete
In Earth or Heav'n, is their's.
- 2 The Grace which chose them for its Son,
Appoints them Heirs of God;
The Covenant contains their Names,
And all is seal'd by Blood.
- 3 Salvation to the Saints belongs
From Sin, and Earth, and Hell;
But their full Glories, Joys, and Songs,
No mortal Tongue can tell.
- 4 While they are Sojourners below,
The Angels are their Guard;
With Joy th' heav'nly Hosts obey
The Orders of the Lord.
- 5 Where'er on Earth the Saints are found,
There they encamp and dwell;
Those Flaming Guards secure the Ground,
And keep off ev'ry Ill.
- 6 When their departing Hour is come,
That they must droop and die,
Kind Angels bear their Spirits Home,
To Mansions in the Sky.

- 4 O for the Glorious and the Great
To make us Children too,
And send his Ministers of State
To guard us here below.

H Y M N LXXX.

On the same from Heb. i. 14.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful Throne
Th' Angelic Orders bow,
At his Command they hasten down
To meaner Realms below.
- 2 These heav'nly Forms on Earth attend
The Sons and Heirs of God ;
They keep their watchful Stations round
The meanest Saint's Abode.
- 3 Not Paradise was more secure,
Kept by the flaming Sword,
Than Saints, when made the Angels Care,
The Angels of the Lord.
- 4 In vain the Pow'rs of Earth and Hell
Their cursed Projects try ;
No Plague can enter where they dwell,
The Angel Band is nigh.
- 5 The great innumerable Host
Have all the Saints in Charge ;
Nor shall a single Soul be lost
Of the whole Church at large.

- 6 Rejoice, ye Heirs of Bliss rejoice,
 At such reviving Words;
 The great Redeemer calls you his,
 And Angels are your Guards.

H Y M N · LXXXI.

*The Observance of the Sabbath and Public
 Worship enforced. Lev. 19. 30.*

- 1 **R** Ev'rence my Sanct'ry saith the Lord,
 And keep my Sabbath, is his Word;
 He speaks, and by th'eternal Name,
 To our Obedience lays a Claim.
- 2 I am the Lord, my Name revere,
 Obey my voice, attend and fear;
 Great King of Kings, with trembling Awe,
 We hear the Orders of thy Law.
- 3 O let our Sabbaths, as they haste,
 Be sanctified and richly blest;
 And Weekly as their Seasons come,
 Thy House be our delightful Home.
- 4 Quicken our Souls to run the Race,
 To reach and gain the glorious Prize;
 There is a large and free Reward
 Awaits the Servants of the Lord.

H Y M N LXXXII.

God faithful in Mercies and Judgments.

VARIETY of Things around
 Declare a faithful God;
 Where'er his Providence is found,
 Where'er his Creatures tread.

2 Our Wants continually supplied,
 Express his Love and Care,
 And Veng'ance on the Sinner's Head
 Bespeaks him faithful there.

3 The Truth his antient Book reveals
 Of great Events to come,
 His Faithfulness in Time fulfils,
 And makes the Saviour Room.

4 His Promises are firm and true,
 Here let the Saints depend,
 Trust not yourselves, nor Creatures too,
 But an unfailing Friend.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

The Divine Purposes in Changes of the Weather.

1 **F**ROM floating Treasuries on high,
 The Snow and Hail descend,
 They leave their Stations in the Sky
 To save or hurt the Land.

- 2 The Sky and Air, the Earth and Seas,
Are Servants of the Lord ;
He but commands them as He please,
And they obey his Word.
- 3 The Rain, the Lightning's dreadful Blaze,
And Thunder's awful Roar,
Confound the Nations while they gaze,
And dread the Thund'rer.
- 4 Waken'd by Crimes, his Veng'ance falls
To punish sinful Men ;
The World, regardless of his Calls,
Provoke Him by their Sin.
- 5 O may the Nations all attend
To Truth and Righteousness,
Warn'd by the Judgments of his Hand,
Or won by milder Grace.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 'TIS pleasant to behold the Sun,
A Glory o'er its Surface glows ;
But Faith perceives a richer Scene,
The Day her great Redeemer rose.
- 2 From the dark Chambers of the Tomb,
Emanuel like a Sun appears
Fair Source of heav'nly Day to come,
Through the long round of endless Years.

- 3 Our Sins and Fears, a num'rous Host,
As Clouds before the op'ning Dawn,
Fly at his Rising, and are lost,
And Faith, and Hope, and Joy comes on.
- 4 Through Time the Hours be sacred held,
That mingle Beams of Light and Grace,
And pour upon the Church and World,
New Scenes of Beauty and of Bliss.
- 5 This is the Day, ye Saints rejoice,
Resound his Name in cheerful Songs,
Jesus, the Son of Righteousness,
Rises with Healing in his Wings.

H Y M N LXXXV.

*The Fear of God recommended ; Or,
Obadiah's Example. 1 Kings 18, 3.*

- 1 **W**HAT Honours are bestow'd on Men
Who love and fear the Lord,
Their Names by an immortal Pen,
Are left on long Record.

- 2 In the bright Rolls of Heav'nly Truth,
Good Obadiah shines ;
He fear'd him greatly from his Youth,
In sad degen'rate Times.

- 3 Not the Temptations of a Court,
Divert from Duty's Road;
He well perform'd a Servant's Part,
But not forsakes his God.
- 4 With holy Love and ardent Zeal,
He sav'd the Prophets Breath,
When Ahab's Word decreed them All,
To Murder and to Death,
- 5 Let Youth and Age together join,
And fear this glorious Name;
While Heav'n and Earth unite as One,
To own the great "I am."

H Y M N LXXXVI.

Honour due to God and the King. Matt. 22. 21.

- 1 **L**ET Kings rejoice and Subjects hear,
While God's superior Son
Supports the Mighty in their Pow'r,
And guards them on the Throne.
- 2 Tribute and Honour both are due
From Nations to their Kings;
The Highest doth these Rights allow,
And will avenge their Wrongs.
- 3 He reigns o'er Heav'n and Earth supreme
And jealous of his Cause,
Maintains the Honours of his Name,
By just and righteous Laws.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

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Ye Monarchs of the Earth submit,
And bow before his Throne,
Whose Providence secures your Right,
And makes your Glories known.

Ye Nations to your Sov'reigns pay,
The Homage to 'em due;
But there's a higher still than They,
Give Glory to Him too.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

The Difference between the Saint and Sinner.

HOW diff'rent from the Just,
Rebellious Sinners are;
Unlike their final State at last,
Unlike their Ways appear.

As Chaff, the Wicked fly,
Before the driving Wind;
Toss'd to and fro with Vanity,
They shew an empty Mind.

If Vengeance once begins,
How soon they are dismay'd;
The inward Guilt of former Sins,
Strikes all their Courage dead.

Then 'twill be fully known,
The diff'rence will be seen,
'Twixt those the Judge's Lips shall own,
And those He will condemn.

- 6 The Lord who knows, approves
 The Way the Righteous go;
 Whilst th' ungodly Wretch receives
 A lasting Overthrow.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

Christ's Advancement Delightful.

- 1 **H**OW was the Patriarch pleas'd to hear
 Egypt advanc'd his Son;
 But Saints superior Pleasures share,
 To hear where Christ is gone.
- 2 Jesus who died upon the Crosse,
 Their guilty Souls to save,
 Yields them abundant Room for Joys,
 For He has left his Grave.
- 3 In vain the Pow'rs of Death unite,
 Their Captive to detain;
 Th' appointed Day just dawns to Sight,
 And He appears again.
- 4 He lives, high in the Heav'ns he lives,
 There shall his Followers go,
 And see Him face to face Above,
 Whom once they lov'd Below.
- 5 There shall they dwell to endless Years,
 In pure and perfect Peace,
 Strangers to Sorrows, Sins and Fears,
 Which here disturb'd their Bliss.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 JESUS, thou ever blessed One,
My Saviour and my God,
O what a Soul-transporting Theme
Is thy atoning Blood!

To thine eternal Honours, Lord,
Th' Angelic Harps are strung;
The dear Immanuel is the Word
That forms their sweetest Song.

2 I long to mount the blissful Plain,
To join th' heav'nly Choir;
I long to feel a Seraph's Flame,
I long to praise Him high'r.

3 Roll on, ye Tedious Months, roll on,
And bring the Hour divine:
Then, my Redeemer, then their Song
Shall only equal Mine.

4 All Heav'n shall hear the Notes I'll raise
To Thy beloved Name;
All Heav'n shall aid me in the Praise,
And bless the matchless Lamb.



H Y M N X C.

H Y M N X C.

On Assembling in the Week for Worship.

- 1 **O**NCE in a Week our Souls shall come,
To Jesus' lov'd Abode,
To gain new Help before the Throne
Of our forgiving God.
- 2 He marks the goings of our Feet,
And well approves our Ways,
While we attend Him in his Court,
And offer Pray'r and Praise.
- 3 He'll not despise our Souls tho' few,
Whose Minds are in his House;
Nor let our longing Spirits go
Without his quick'ning Grace.
- 4 We shall obtain abundant Strength
By waiting on the Lord;
We shall possess the Whole at length,
He mentions in his Word.
- 5 The Men who wait at Zion's Gate,
Shall speed them in the Road,
Shall quickly reach the heav'nly Seat,
And sooner be with God,

H Y M N XCI.

H Y M N XCI.

The Importance of Religion.

1 **R**ELIGION is Man's great Concern,
Which well demands his Care;
The World with all its shining Train,
Is empty as the Air.

2 Earth has not Ought which it can boast
Of solid Good but this;
Religion shews the happy Road,
Which leads to heav'nly Bliss.

3 Here it affords a present Peace,
A Taste of Joys refin'd;
But O that blooming Paradise,
That Faith perceives beyond.

4 Why shou'd the Earth our Pow'rs engage,
Our strong Affections share?
Forfake ye Worldlings of the Age,
Forfake the fatal Snare.

5 Why will you spend your Strength for Nought
And lose your precious Souls?
Religion claims immediate Thought,
Obey when Jesus calls.

H Y M N XCII.

H Y M N XCII.

Christ betrayed, and his Disciples secure.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the great Redeemer goes,
The Word of Prophecy fulfils,
Judas betrays Him to his Foes,
And the kind Saviour meekly yields.
- 2 Jesus no armed Host commands,
But patient all their Wrongs He bore;
Yet He forbids their impious Hands,
To hurt the Few He lov'd so dear.
- 3 Here to the Traitor and his Band,
I am, He says, your destin'd Prey;
But adds a Word of kind Command,
Let my Disciples go their Way.
- 4 O were our Hearts to feel his Love,
And cou'd our Lips aright express,
Our Praise shou'd reach the Heav'ns above,
And sweet Hosannas fill the Place.
- 5 'Twas to redeem from Pain and Death,
The Mighty was a Captive led;
And on the Cross resign'd his Breath,
To rise Victorious from the Dead.

H Y M N XCIII.

The Servants of Christ blessed.

1 **B**less'd are the Men who serve the Lord,
 They shall receive a large Reward;
 The Works and Duties they have done,
 Are all approv'd through Christ his Son.

2 What joyful Tidings reach their Ears,
 When from his Lips the Judge declares,
 Well done, my faithful Servant, come,
 And be the Kingdom all your Own.

3 My Grace confers upon my Sons,
 Immortal Honours, glorious Thrones;
 Their Names and Virtues shall endure,
 When Earth and Time are known no more.

4 Eye hath not seen, nor Ear hath heard,
 Nor Mind conceiv'd, nor Tongue declar'd,
 Th' unknown Glories which await
 The Saints in the eternal State.

5 May Heav'nly Zeal inspire our Heart
 To act the faithful Servant's Part,
 We shall obtain through Grace the P
 And live and reign above the Skies.

86 H Y M N XCIV. XCV.

H Y M N XCIV.

The Presence of Christ desired on Earth.

- 1 **T**ELL the Day dawn, and Shadows flee,
Turn, my Beloved Lord, to me;
Let me not wander nor deplore
Thy Absence from my Spirit more.
- 2 Like a young Roe on Bethel's Top,
Fly to my Help, support my Hope,
Thy Presence will revive and cheer
The dark and lonesome Hours here ;

H Y M N XCV.

*The Redeemer's Tears and Complaints over
Jerusalem. Luke, 19. 41. Matt. 23 37.*

- 1 **P**EOPLE beheld the Saviour's Tears,
Surpris'd at Lazarus's Tomb ;
But a more moving Scene appears,
When He wept o'er Jerusalem.
- 2 The hidden Springs of inward Woe,
Supplied Him with those Crystal Streams
To see the City lie below,
And know its judgments and its Crimes.

- 3 His Tears o'ertake his sad Complaint,
 At once He spake, and wept, and groan'd,
 " Jerusalem, to whom were sent
 " The Prophets, whom thy Children ston'd.
- 4 " Like as a Hen collects her Brood,
 " Beneath the Shelter of her Wings;
 " How oft would thy incarnate God [Sins?
 " Have screen'd thee from thy threat'ning
- 5 " But ye wou'd not—your Hearts refus'd
 " The frequent Offers of my Grace;
 " The Day of Mercy long abus'd,
 " The Day of Vengeance must have place.
- 6 " O hadst thou known, in season known
 " Things which concern thy future Peace;
 " These from thy Sight for ever gone,
 " Lo, thy Destruction comes apace.

H Y M N XCVI.

Joshua's Resolution worthy of Imitation.

Josh. 24. 15.

- 1 **J**OSHUA a Pleader for his God,
 Boldly amidst the People stood;
 Wile was the Choice the Servant made,
 The Service so supremely good.

- 2 " Let Others choose the Gods they please,
 " The God of Israel shall be mine;
 " None can protect like Him and bless,
 " Or shew a Claim so much Divine.
- 3 " His Ways are Ways of Righteousness,
 " Safety and Peace their Steps attend;
 " Sweet are his Promises of Grace,
 " And Heav'nly Glories at the End.
- 4 O would but Heav'n confirm the Choice,
 And daily, hourly Aid impart,
 Like Joshua and his holy House,
 Christ and our Souls should never part.

H Y M N XCVII.

Sin a Dreadful Evil.

- 1 **S**IN, what a dreadful Evil 'tis!
 Beyond all Measure vile;
 The Law's Commands it hourly breaks,
 That good and perfect Rule.
- 2 The Earth with Violence it fills,
 How evil is our Race,
 Like a wild Deluge how it rolls,
 And spreads through ev'ry Place.
- 3 Our Nature sunk beneath its Pow'r,
 No Good can e'er perform,
 Til Sov'reign Grace effect a Cure,
 And the sad Bias turn.

- 4 Beneath its Stroke our Bodies die,
And Conscience racks within,
While Wrath and endless Misery
Await unpardon'd Sin.
- 5 But would our Eyes behold its Face
In its worst Forms appear,
Let Faith take wing to Calv'ry's Cross,
And see the Saviour there.
- 6 The painful Cross, the thorny Crown,
The bitter Cup of Wrath,
Were the keen Tortures of our Sin,
Which bow'd his Head in Death.
- 7 Fly from this base accursed Thing,
Ye Sons of Adam, fly;
Ye Saints, abhor the Monster's Sting,
Which caus'd your Lord to die.

H Y M N XCVIII.

On coming to the Lord's Table.

- 1 JESUS appoints a Sacred Feast,
The sweet Memorial of his Love,
When on the Cross He breath'd his Last,
And went to the fair Courts Above.

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- 2 Rev'rence becomes the Souls that go,
And round the Saviour's Board appear ;
The Word contains a heavy Woe
On ev'ry bold Intruder there
- 3 'Tis from the Merit of his Blood,
I draw encouragement to come,
And look for Pardon from his Blood,
Relying on his Grace alone.
- 4 LORD, let a Wretch acceptance find,
And prove the Virtues of thy Cross
Strong to support his sinking Mind
With pardon'd Guilt and cleansing Grace.

H Y M N XCIX.

Creatures Mortal, but Christ Immortal.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the aged Patriarch dies,
His Son attends to close his Eyes,
JOSEPH survives, when Israel's dead ;
So Saints enjoy a living Head.
- 2 When Creatures die, and Breath is o'er,
The Saviour lives for Evermore,
And like his Years which never fail,
His Lovingkindness shall prevail.

- 3 Tho' dearest Friends around us die,
Our GOD will ev'ry Want supply ;
Why should our Hearts be drown'd in Grief
As far from Comfort and Relief ?
- 4 No more let Tears of Sorrow flow,
Nor anxious Thoughts of Things below
Abound, since our Redeemer lives
And ev'ry needful Blessing gives.

H Y M N C.

The Grace of God abundant in Christ.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, whose wondrous Grace in Christ
Exceeds our Words and largest Thoughts
Whose Mercy, like a deep Abyss,
Drowns all our Follies and our Faults.
- 2 Thy Love restores our fall'n State,
And high exalts us in the Skies :
What Heav'nly Tongue can e'er relate
The Streams which from this Fountain rise,
- 3 Not Life or Death, nor Earth or Hell,
Not endless Things, or Things in Time,
Nor Heighth, nor Depth can e'er prevail
To stop a Current so divine.

- 4 'Thy Grace thro' countless Years shall flow
 Glory shall but increase the Tide,
 When the small Taste of Joys below
 Shall yield to Pleasures near thy Side.

H Y M N C I.

For the last Sabbath and Day of the Year.

- 1 **M**ANY Sabbaths past Recall
 Of the fleeting Year are gone ;
 And to make the number full,
 Now the Last of All is come.
- 2 With the Sabbath ends the Year,
 May our Souls be richly blest,
 And from sweet Experience here,
 Find the Last by far the Best.
- 3 Shortly, we must take our Leave
 Of the Year, and Sabbath too :
 With the Patriarch let us strive
 For a Blessing e'er they go.
- 4 Israel-like should we succeed,
 What a Season will it be ;
 Should our Souls be bless'd indeed,
 Welcome Vast ETERNITY !

- 5 Welcome too another Year,
If the LORD of Life sees fit ;
If He'll deign to bless us here,
This will make the Future sweet.

H Y M N CII.

On the same.

- 1 ONLY a few short Hours remain
To close the present Year ;
The Sun hath once to set again,
And then 'tis known no more.
- 2 Years like Ourselves, as soon as past,
Are number'd with the Dead ;
No Pow'r can e'er recall the Past,
Nor this, when once 'tis fled.
- 3 Its larger Portions now are gone,
Its Months, and Weeks, and Days ;
Moments and Hours are all to come,
And shall we sport with these ?
- 4 How should we labour to improve
The small Remains we have,
And grasp our Moments as they move,
To keep them from the Grave.

- 5 Teach us, O Lord, the heav'nly Art,
 And grant us Pow'r divine,
 That as our Months and Years depart,
 We may redeem our Time.

H Y M N CIII.

The Happiness of Heaven.

- 1 **O** What a Heav'n the Saints possess
 In the bright Realms Above !
 There Joy, and Peace, and Righteousness,
 Thro' all their Orders move.
- 2 No setting Suns, or waning Moons,
 Divide their Seasons there ;
 Eternal Day around 'em shines,
 And all the Air is clear.
- 3 The Presence of the Lord the Lamb
 Is their rich Source of Light ;
 His Glory shines in ev'ry Beam,
 And bursts upon their Sight.
- 4 With sweetest Harmony they join,
 In Worship and in Songs,
 Bending before the Heav'nly Throne,
 And casting down their Crowns,

1 On thro' the Round of endless Years
 They see their Bliss compleat,
 And each in tuneful Notes admires
 Their most delightful Seat.

H Y M N CIV.

Praise for Britain's three great Salvations ;

Or A Hymn for the 5th of November.

1 **L**ET Hallelujahs crown our Songs,
 While all our Hearts & all our Tongues
 Raise our Deliv'rer's Name on High,
 And join the Choirs above the Sky.

2 Recall the great Salvations wrought
 In Years long past, to present Thought,
 And praise the Lord, whose Sov'reign Hand
 Upheld from Death our sinking Land.

3 The Ocean groan'd beneath the Weight
 Of Ships with foreign Vengeance fraught :
 Tempests o'erfet their floating Pride,
 And bury Thousands in the Tide.

4 The gloomy Cell, the sulph'rous Store,
 Which Romish Art had cover'd o'er,
 Lay veil'd and hid from mortal Sight,
 Till Heav'n reveal'd the Whole to Light.

HYMN CV.

- 5 Once and again the Lord appears,
To save the Nation from its Fears :
He sees a Bigot wear the Crown,
And brings th'aspiring Monarch down.
- 6 Soon He supplies a vacant Throne,
And fills the Land with Joys unknown :
Like a bright Sun to rend the Gloom,
A WILLIAM rises in his Room.
- 7 Hail, happy Day of wondrous Date,
When more than one Salvation met :
How should the Mighty and the Mean
In the same Work of Praise be seen.
- 8 Loud Hallelujahs to the Lord,
Resound his Name in ev'ry Word,
Till the next Age the notes prolong,
And unborn Millions learn the Song.

HYMN CV.

God Incomprehensible.

- 1 **C**ANST thou by searching find out God?
A Creature of a finite Mind !
Canst thou, with all thy Thoughts abroad,
Th' Almighty to Perfection find ?

H Y M N C V I,

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2 His Being, Attributes, Designs,
With all his Ways and Works around,
Are vast unfathomable Mines, [drown'd.
And Deeps, where all our Thoughts are

3 Thou great Unsearchable! thy Word
Binds my adoring Faith to Thine,
That there are Three which bare Record
In Heav'n, and each alike divine.

4 The Father, Son, and Spirit share
Same Essence, yet are God alone;
But who such Myst'ries can declare?
Or dare deny them tho' unknown?

5 To Thee, Great Everlasting One,
Let all the Creatures humbly bend,
And with profoundest Rev'rence own
The Name they cannot comprehend.

H Y M N C V I.

The Glories and Humiliation of Christ.

God! **H**OW glorious our IMMANUEL!
What Myst'ries in his Person dwell!
The God, the Man in One combin'd,
Here infinite Extremes are join'd.

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- 2 What Mercy in his Office shines,
To save his People from their Sins !
His Name and Office well agree,
And mingle Grace and Mystery.
- 3 Among the Sons of Men He dwells,
The Servant's Form the God conceals ;
But Faith beneath the Veil espies
Heav'n's First Begotten from the Skies.
- 4 Angels proclaim his wondrous Birth,
Goodwill to Men, and Peace on Earth ;
The wondrous Child a Virgin bears,
And in a Manger laid, appears.
- 5 New Honours humble Beth'lem meet,
The great Messiah's Native Seat ;
Shepherds and Sages here resort,
As Nobles to their Prince's Court.
- 6 His Life fresh Miracles adorn,
Blended with Poverty and Scorn ;
The Winds and Waves his Words obey ;
He walks the Sea as solid Way.
- 7 The Finny Tribe at his Command
Hasten to his Disciples' Hand ;
The Sick and Lame at once are cur'd,
Or by his Touch, or by his Word.

H Y M N CVII.

99

8 He speaks, the Grave throws wide its Door
The sleeping Dead confess his Pow'r ;
And Satan, wheresoe'er he reigns,
Is like a Prisoner bound in Chains.

9 Cross, Thorns, Reproach together meet
To make his Shame and Death compleat ;
The very Heav'ns his Death lament,
The Earth is shook, the Veil is rent.

10 Low in a Sepulchre He lies,
The third Day dawns, behold Him rise ;
New Life awakes his sleeping Clay,
The moving Earth prepares his Way.

11 Angels themselves descend from Heav'n
To shew the Lord, the Saviour ris'n ;
Two shining Forms within are seen,
Where late the Holy One had been.

12 At length on th'appointed Morn,
Behold Him to the Heav'ns return ;
Angels receive Him in a Cloud,
And hail Him to his high Abode.

H Y M N CVI.

Christ's Exalted State.

1 **W**ERE such thy Glories, dearest Lord,
Which thy low Scenes on Earth
What far superior Honours wait [afford!
Thine high exalted Heav'nly State !

- 2 Stretch out thy Wings, my Faith, and fly
T'attend thy Saviour to the Skies;
Behold th' Angelic Guard before,
Demanding Entrance at the Door.
- 3 Thou Everlasting Door, obey,
And make the Lord of Glory Way;
Myriads of Saints and Angels stand,
And mark his Road to God's right Hand.
- 4 What peerless Beauties dwell around
The Man once known on earthly Ground,
Whilst thro' the radiant Flesh is seen
The Godhead shining bright within.
- 5 There to his Mediatorial Hand
The Father gives up all Command;
The Stile of Majesty He boasts,
The Mighty Lord, the Lord of Hosts.
- 6 Angels, his Chariots, wait to receive
The Orders, which his Lips shall give;
Swift as the Lightning Gabriel flies,
With his Commission from the Skies.
- 7 A Priest upon his Throne He sits,
Nor 'midst his Glories once forgets
His Church's Praises and Complaints,
Or his lov'd Name, the King of Saints.

8 The Heav'n of Heav'ns contains him there
Till Time brings round th'appointed Year;
Then Love and Justice bear Him down,
And seat Him on a Judgment-Throne.

9 Th'assembled World before his Bar
Their last decisive Sentence hear;
He takes his Saints with Him to dwell,
And dooms the Wicked down to Hell.

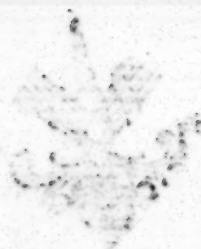
10 The Act of final Judgment o'er,
Nature and Time are known no more;
The Creatures Earth or Hell contains,
And the Most High for Ever reigns.



The first of these is contained in a letter
 from the London Convention of 1840, in which
 it is stated that the Convention had decided
 to send a delegate to the American Convention
 of 1840, and that the delegate was to be
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Miscellaneous Pieces.

The Company, Exercises and Advantages of Solitude.

I.

I SHUN the Place where People meet
And what the World calls Company,
Glad to regain my lov'd Retreat,
Sacred, Immanuel, to thee
Here shall my Spirit dwell at ease,
Remote from dull Society;
And fit, and pass the Hours away,
In Converse better form'd to please,
Than Ought the World can say.

The

II.

The best Ingredients of a Friend,
 Pity, and Love, and Sympathy,
 Are in the Saviour at Command,
 Unmix'd with base Hypocrisy.
 He is not made of Adamant,
 Or like the hard unfeeling Stone ;
 But soft and gen'rous is his Heart,
 He feels the sympathetic Smart,
 And makes our Joys his own.

III.

I tell him, when alone, my Grief,
 And profit by the Tale of Woe :
 At once, my Soul enjoys Relief,
 And bids my ling'ring Sorrows go.
 Safe to his everfaithful Ears,
 My Lips intrust what e'er I feel,
 What shy Reserve and jealous Fears
 Of the World's Tell-tale Confidants,
 From All but Him conceal.

IV.

In Solitude, th' Immortal Word
 Offers the Service of its Tongue ;
 And tells me Things of long Record,
 Unknown in the most Ancient Song.

Aided by Inspiration's Light,
I converse with Antiquity,
I hear the venerable Sage,
I live as in a distant Age,
And learn its Hist'ry,

V.

The World's Creation, Sun and Stars,
With Things of great importance since,
For more than full four thousand years,
Parts of the Scheme of Providence.
At length the great Messiah comes :
I hear the wonders of his Birth,
The Story of his Life on Earth,
His Death, and strange attendant Signs,
How He rose Conq'ror o'er the Tombs,
How in the Heav'ns He shines,

VI.

Lost in the retrospective Gaze
Of Things and Ages past and gone,
Prophecy leads onward to the Maze
Of distant strange Events to come.
It takes me by the Hand, and shews

O

The

106: *The Company, Exercises and*

The Downfall of the Man of Sin,
The Church's Triumph o'er her Foes,
Describes the New Jerusalem,
And the World's solemn Close.

VII.

Together with the Lapse of Times,
The Promises attract mine Eye,
I see th' incomparable Lines,
Deciders of my Destiny.
These triumph o'er my Pow'rs and Pains,
They draw my very Soul along,
More pow'ful than Orpheus' Strains,
And sweeter than the Syren's Song.
Now I bid Mem'ry faithful prove,
Nor lose me Words of so much Worth;
While Faith and Hope are call'd t'improve
Th' invaluable Truth.

VIII.

Alone I find the Stranger Self,
Lost among Crowds and Company,
And brought t'Examination's Test,
He undergoes a Scrutiny.

The

The Discov'ry is n't easy borne
Of inward Errors in the Frame,
And Things of sad degen'rate Name;
But they are better known than hid,
Tho' I have cause to mourn.

IX.

The World's offended with our Chat,
But Solitude does not complain;
Or call me rude, or dull and flat,
Tho' I've repeated Things again.
Solitude well knows the use,
A Tale twice told affords the Mind;
'Tis not in Her, a favour to refuse,
Or ever be unkind.

X.

Kind Solitude! how well repaid
The Visits I have made to thee!
O! for a Sense of all was said,
In confidence return'd to me.
Memr'y the recollection brings,
How she has whisper'd in my Ear
The Vanity of all things here;

108 *The Company, Exercises, and*

Oft told me of the dying Clay,
The Pow'rs of th'indwelling Soul,
That Grace must regulate the whole,
And upwards borne my Thoughts away,
To high Celestial Things.

XI.

No Seasons equal while they last,
For Comfort so divinely true,
Not, when the happy Hours are past,
Afford such Pleasure in review ;
As those, when in Retirement sat,
Beneath her solitary Bow'r,
I bid adieu to all without,
And with the Guests of Solitude,
I pass the fav'rite Hour.

XII.

Strangers can but faintly guess
The satisfactions which I feel ;
Only Angelic minds surmise,
Angelic tongues alone can tell,
Who taste above Celestial Bliss,

And watch our most sequester'd Hours
The Height of joy and extacy,
And th' Advantage, which arise
In Solitude to me.

*Extempore Lines on Recovering from
a Fit of Illness.*

Penned Oct. 2, 1786.

HERE alone, my Soul, review
What the Lord hath done for you.
Months ago in deep distress,
More than language can express,
Hezekiah full of fears
At the message which he hears,
That he certainly should die,
Was not more alarm'd than I.
Earnestly I ask'd to live,
Tho' it were a short reprieve :
Could I have indulg'd the thought
Of some years allotted yet,
Transports would have then been mine,
Hezekiah, like to thine.

No

No such tidings reach'd my ears,
 Not for months, much less for years.
 Pris'ner-like, from day to day,
 Under sentence long I lay,
 Each expecting was the last,
 'Till I liv'd to see it past.
 Days and Nights alike to me,
 Full of woe and misery,
 Oft were witnesses to my moans,
 Doleful cries, and dismal groans.
 Black Despair beset me round,
 No relief on Earth was found.
 Friends allied, and dearly lov'd,
 Insufficient comforts prov'd.
 What was worse than all, I felt
 Strong the sense of Sin and Guilt:
 Unbelief and Hell combin'd,
 Swell'd the horrors of my mind;
 Law and Justice setting flood,
 Hourly calling for my blood.
 No Redeemer yet appear'd,
 All was lost, I often fear'd:
 Clouds involv'd the Throne of Grace,
 When I went to seek his face;

Worlds possess'd I then would give,
Could I've hear'd him bid me live.
But the Terrors of his Word,
Like a sharp envenom'd Sword,
Went thro' my very Heartstrings through,
Broke my spirits, laid me low :
Health declining all the while,
Thought before, but Death and Hell,
How high the billows roll'd
O'er my sad desponding Soul !
Tatan rushing like a Flood,
Went to drive me from my God ;
Yet I could not, would not go,
Still I fought, and often too.
Went the more, the more I strove,
Seeking Mercy from above.
Words of promise were my plea,
It was urg'd Salvation's free ;
Dumbly, I approach'd the Throne,
To the Father, through the Son :
Long He seem'd to disregard,
Yet, I trust, He since has heard.
It was judgment months ago,
What 'tis nought but mercy now.

What

What a change the Lord hath wrought!
 Never let it be forgot.
 O my dear Almighty Friend,
 All throughout, unto the end!
 Shall I ever more distrust?
 On thy promise help to rest;
 And for what thy Grace may give,
 Let me praise thee while I live.

The Supposed Address of Lucinda, in her Coffin, to Florella and Myrtilla, on entering the Chamber, wherein she lay a Corpse.

LADIES, excuse the courteous Bow,
 My Limbs are stiff, and awkward now
 But tho' uncourteous I appear,
 Believe me not the less sincere:
 When living, Friends a welcome had,
 And not less welcome to be Dead.
 Why such a Distance?---pray draw near;
 'Tis needless to indulge a Fear:

Approach

Approach and take a nearer View,
My lifeless Clay is harmless too.
My Dress and Person, both are strange,
You cannot but observe the Change ;
And in my poor Remains may see
Just what Yourself e'er long will be.
Yes ! Fair Florella, you must lie,
Just such a breathless Corpse as I ;
And you, Myrtilla too---I'm here,
To bid you, Ladies, both prepare.
Early in life, but twenty-one,
(See yonder Plate,* and what's thereon)
Your lov'd Lucinda died—One Year,
And more, I lay disorder'd there :†
Fond'ly indulg'd the Hope of Life,
And sought to Med'cine for Relief.
But all in vain—Four nights ago,
I bid adieu to things below ;
No longer, as I us'd to be,
Amongst my Friends and Company.
Th' eternal World, both new and strange,
Is now the Place wherein I range.

* The Coffin Plate. † The Bed.

O! 'tis an awful thing to die,
And enter vast Eternity ;
When disengag'd and unconfin'd,
Springs forward th' immortal Mind,
And leaves the dying Flesh behind.
Thought can't conceive, nor Tongue relate
The Scenes of the eternal State ;
But you must see them, and appear
Uncloath'd and naked Spirits there ;
Trace the celestial Road, or go
(Forbid it, Heav'n) to Flames below ;
And then your own Experience prove,
What follows on our last Remove.
Ladies, allow me to be plain,
Nor let me urge these Truths in vain :
If other Monitors should fail,
Shall not Lucinda's Dust prevail ?
But nought will do, till Sov'reign Grace
Bids Flesh and Sin resign their place,
And with a pow'r divine, controul
The native Biass of the Soul.
I know, my dear young Friends, I know
How prone you are to things below :
Once 'twas the same with me—I sought

Fer

For Happiness on Earth—and thought
Of num'rous Years—when lo, was giv'n
The mortal Blow design'd by Heav'n;
And ev'ry Wish—Ah fatal Stroke!—
And ev'ry fond Connection broke*.
Perhaps the same unerring Blow
May disappoint your Wishes too;
Dissolve the tend'rest Ties, and blast
Your present Prospects in the Dust:
'Tis but presumption to confide
In Youth; since your Lucinda died.
At all events, the Stroke must come;
There's no Protection from the Tomb:
Nor does it matter when, or how,
If you are but prepar'd to go.
If Mary's Choice be made your own,
And Christ alone depended on;
Death's ghastly Form will only prove
A Messenger of kindest Love,
Safe to convey the pious Soul,
Where Years of glad Salvation roll.
'Tis my last Wish and most sincere,
May You, my much-lov'd Friends, be there;

* She was on the point of Marriage.

And all my dear Relations too ;
 'Tis my best Wish for Them and You.
 Unwilling longer to detain,
 Adieu, 'till we shall meet again.

Concluding Address to the Attendants.

NOW, ye Attendants, close this Shell,
 And bid them toll my fun'ral Bell :
 Where are the Bearers to convey
 Lucinda to her kindred Clay ?
 Here she lies waiting—Bid them come,
 And bear her to an early Tomb.

*On the Death of the Reverend Joseph
 Hoskins, Minister of the Gospel, at
 Castle-Green Meeting, Bristol.*

I.

THE Nation wails her Loss aloud,
 When o'er the Field of Battle slain,
 The Brave lie weltring in their Blood,
 The Pillars of her glorious Reign.

Sure

II.

Sure Zion too is call'd to Tears,
When Death its Iron Sceptre sways,
O'er her beloved Ministers,
The best Supporters of her Cause.]

III.

Let Zion's Sons such Loss deplore,
And vent their Sorrows in a Flood;
The zealous Hoskins is no more,
That faithful Servant of his God.

IV.

Short was his Course, but warm his Zeal,
His Heart like an Elijah's burns
The Task assign'd him to fulfill,
Dispensing Law and Grace by turns.

V.

Ye lov'd Abodes where oft he spokel
Witness the Fervour of his Tongue;
What an uncommon Pow'r awoke
The Careless of th' attendant Throng.

Ye

VI.

Ye mourning Souls! he felt for you,
Long must your Memory record
What well adapted Strains he drew,
To cheer you from the Sacred Word.

VII.

Where Pride would spread self-righteous
And Arts religious Vice conceal; [Plumes] and b
Bold he expos'd their empty Forms,
And made the Self-deceiver feel.

VIII.

Like Israel, Heav'n his Pray'r assail'd,
The Suppliant thro' his Count'nance shon
While Faith and earnest Cries prevail'd
To bear th' important Blessings down.

IX.

To You, ye Sons of Pain and Want!
Oft was the friendly Visit paid;
To Heav'n he bore your sad Complaint:
His Hand bestow'd the gen'rous Aid.

Stranger

X.

Stranger to Shame and Fear, he dar'd
Go, and proclaim the Cross abroad;
The Streets resounded with the Word,
Conviction seiz'd th' unthinking Crowd.

XI.

Overcome by Labour and Distress,
For the dear Man Afflictions knew)
You hath now to mourn his Loss,
And bid her Minister Adieu.

XII.

From the Warfare he retires,
To him in Death, once looking down;
And rising to the upper Spheres,
Leaves his beloved Charge, the Crown*.

XIII.

As He's gone! and oh how Few
Equal Zeal and Worth are left!
Mount, ye Saints, above, and view
The faithful Servant 'mongst the Best,

* Referring to Mr. Hoskins's dying words, which were,
How shall I arise and shine."

There

Stranger

XIV.

There he enjoys a large Reward
 For all his Labour, Toil, and Pain ;
 And waits the Coming of his Lord,
 To meet his weeping Flock again.

*The Tribute of Friendship :—On the Death
 of Mr. T. Heydon, of Dean's Court, St.
 Paul's, London.*

THE Dust of Heydon needs no marble
 Stone,
 To bear his Virtues, Form, or Name thereon;
 Needless the Poet's Lay, as Sculptor's Knife,
 To give new Vigour to departed Life.
 Yet Mem'ry prompts th' unavailing Sigh,
 And Friendship's Pow'rs these humble Lines
 supply :
 Long shall his lov'd remembrance live with us,
 Recorded by his late experienc'd Loss.
 O had he liv'd, or could he live afresh !
 But Heav'n forbids, and we recall the Wish.

Yet

Yet t'indulge the Thought, it were the same
As with Pactolus with its glitt'ring Stream,
To run, whose broad and golden Sands,
Enrich its Current and adjacent Lands:
Thus Heydon's Wealth, in genial Currents
flow'd,

In search of Objects where to be bestow'd.
How oft the Widow's heart hath sung for joy!
How oft th' industrious Poor have found
Employ!

How oft have helpless Youth been put to
School!

Such were the Objects of his gen'rous Soul.
Remote from pride of Wealth, and empty boast
Of Bounty's gifts, or more presumptuous Trust
In Charities so oft and freely giv'n,
To claim (as Numbers claim) a right to
Heav'n---

Remote from these, he sought far other Hope
Of Life eternal, than this slender Prop.
No stern deportment, proud and scornful mien,
Or Look indignant on his Brow was seen.
His noble Soul disdain'd the sullen Pride,
That frequent runs with Riches' high-flown
Tide;

Q

And

And makes th' Affluent act towards the Poor
As born Themselves to frown, and Those,
t'endure.

Say Friendship, where thy Seat?—O tell me
where—

Friendship to Heydon points, and says
“ 'Twas there.”

Susceptible of Passions soft and kind,
With Truth and strict Integrity of Mind,
He was the Friend indeed :—Happy the Few'
Who shar'd a Bosom so sincere and true.
To live beneath him was a healthful Shade,
From various Ills which Others' Lot invade.
Household and Tenants felt them favour'd here,
So mild the Master and the Landlord were.
O'er his lov'd Ashes Many crowd to mourn,
As weeping Willows o'er a fun'ral Urn.
But who that Form in mournful habit clad,
Approaching with slow pace, and count'nance
sad?

“ Make way, ye Mourners—'Tis Zion draw-
ing nigh”—

And thus she speaks to Persons standing
by :—

“ Here

“ Here lies a Friend !—his mortal Part lies
“ here ;
“ But”—Heav’nwards pointing—“ th’ Im-
“ mortal there.
“ He was the Christian, and to Die was
“ Gain :
“ Our’s is the Loss, Our’s only who remain.
“ How would he mourn, and feel the bleed-
“ ing Smart
“ Of Sin’s Corruptions rising in his Heart !
“ What inward Struggles did his Spirit bear,
“ What earnest Cries, what fervent wrest-
“ ling Pray’r !
“ Marks of the Saint indeed, in him ap-
“ pear’d,
“ Christ all he wish’d, and Sin was all he
“ fear’d.
“ With Holy Zeal and Humble Love in-
“ spir’d,
“ His Heart a Mansion in my House de-
“ fir’d.
“ Oft have I seen him watchful at my Gates
“ And bless’d the Man, who like him at
“ them waits ;

“ Oft have I mark’d his strict Devotion
“ there,
“ His serious Aspect, and attentive Ear.
“ Beneath his Patronage my Cause hath sped
“ With blooming Honours o’er her droop-
“ ing Head :
“ Such the dear Man !—O may his Like-
“ ness live
“ In Friendship, Piety, and Heart to give.
“ Is there no Relative, or Kindred-mind
“ Will to the Poor, and Zion’s Cause be
“ kind ?
“ Who knows but Some th’ Resemblance
“ still may bear,
“ And Death may speak, what Life forbids
“ to hear —
“ Departed Spirit hail !—Superior now
“ The Saint in Heav’n, to e’er the Saint
“ below :
“ The Clouds of Darkness which obscur’d
“ thy Way,
“ Are there converted to Eternal Day ;
“ And

“ And while the Notes of Sorrow move
“ our Tongue,
“ Redeeming Honours triumph in thy Song.

A Winter's Thought.

I.

DOWN drops the Snow,
Light flutt'ring in the Air;
The Fires begin to glow,
The Day grown short, the Weather cold,
The Streams forbear to flow;
A Dusky Gloom fills the whole Atmosphere;
And universal Snow and Frost appear,
Signs of the fast concluding Year.

II.

But dreary as the Scene,
The sage Observer's Eye
Can from afar descry
Nature resume her gentle Reign:

The

The following Spring dissolves the Frost away;
 A lovely Landscape deck'd with Green,
 Ushers her bright Array.

III.

The Change of Nature helps our Faith,
 To triumph o'er the Monster, Death :
 I see its Wastes around,
 More desolate than Winter's fount :
 Here a Skull, and there a Bone :
 But at the Resurrection Day,
 The sleeping Saints shall wake and sing,
 And thei: long moulder'd Clay,
 At the Archangel's Trump, put on
 Far richer Glories than the ethereal Spring.

IV.

Will the bold Infidel deny
 The all Important Mystery,
 And ask "How can the Dead be Rais'd ?
 Nature replies, in Concert with the Word :
 " All Things are possible to the Lord ;
 " Who out of Nothing, brought at first
 " By

“ By his Creating Fiat, Heav'n and Earth ;
“ And can transform them, as He is pleas'd,
“ And give to Winter's Snow and Frost,
“ A New and Vernal Birth.”

On an Affize.

I.

SEE the Judge and Guards attending,
(Emblem of the World's Affize)
With slow Pace and Pomp approaching, |
'Midst a Thoutand gazing Eyes.
Trumpets blowing,
Echo thro' the vaulted Skies.

II.

Grand the Scene beyond Description,
When Assembled in the Hall,
Justice takes her awful Station,
Balancing the Fates of all
Pris'ners waiting :
See them low before her fall.

Hear

III.

Hear them at the Bar arraigned,
All their sev'ral Crimes declar'd;
Jury sworn, Attention called,
Ev'ry Witness now is heard:
Life depending
On the Jury's final Word.

IV.

Fear and Hope alternate reigning,
Now distress, anon support,
'Till the Solemn Trial closing,
And the Judgment of the Court,
Guilty, Guilty!
Overwhelms the Pris'ner's Heart.

V.

Silence thro' the Hall commanded,
Grave and Slow the Judge proceeds
To the Sentence, as determin'd
By the Law, for violent Deeds.
Awful Crisis!
Death for certain soon succeeds.

Sights

VI.

Sights at once so grand and striking,
Call to Mind a greater Scene,
When the Day of God's Appointing,
When the Judge of all is seen,
Christ descending
Thousand, Thousand Guards between.

VII.

The Archangel's Trumpet sounded
Shakes the Earth, and rends the Skies;
All the Quick at once are changed,
All the Dead at once arise :
Some with Pleasure,
Some with Trembling and Surprize.

VIII.

Now the Nations brought before Him,
But two Classes form the Whole :
Saints and Sinners here divide 'em,
Both He marks and sep'rates well ;
One with Other
Must no longer mix and dwell.

R

O what

IX.

O what Joy among the Righteous,
Whom the Judge approves and owns ;
And divided from the Impious,
Seats upon their sev'ral Thrones,
Shining brighter,
Than a thousand dazling Suns.

X.

At the right Hand is their Station,
Each in Glory now appears ;
Period of their full Redemption !
Hark, what Shouts delight our Ears
Of Salvation
Thro' the round of endless Years.

XI.

Saints from Ages immemorial,
Down to Time's remotest Date,
Patriarch, Prophet and Apostle
In one joyful Comp'ny meet.
Not one wanting,
Leaves their Number incomplete.

Dismal

XII.

Disfmal Hour, and Scene Tremendous
To th' Ungodly on the Left,
When their Guilt, to All conspicuous,
Shews the Judge's Sentence just.
Doom most Woeful,
Fire prepared for Devils first.

XIII.

Soul, must thou be then appearing?
Must thou see it with thine Eyes?
Sure 'tis Time to be preparing
For that last and great Affize.
O for Mercy!
E'er that awful Morning rise.

On a Ship lost at Sea.

I.

SHIPS appear upon the Ocean!
How they rise, and how they fall!
All the Waters in Commotion,
What a most prodigious Swell!

II.

Stormy Winds the Deep o'er blowing,
Lo, the Waves run Mountains high,
Listen to the Sailors shrieking,
All portends their Ruin nigh.

III.

Vain and useless is their Labour,
Ballast, Cargo out they throw ;
Leaks increasing more than ever,
Water fills the Hold below.

IV.

Borne before the dreadful Tempest,
On a Rock at once they're struck ;
Weak before the gen'ral Onset,
Hark ! the Ship begins to crack.

V.

Wishful ev'ry Eye is looking,
Longs for Help, but longs in vain ;
All is lost !—the Ship is sinking :—
Down they plunge into the Main.

VI,

See the Waves, proud Waves oe'rrolling,
Hear the Winds in Triumph high,
O'er these Sons of Ocean drowning,
As determin'd they shall die.

VII.

Treach'rous Deep and Gales deceiving,
Smooth your Surface, soft your Breeze,
Ye induc'd them Sails unfurling,
To attempt the dang'rous Seas.

VIII.

Like you, Sin deceitful pleases,
Tempts the Sinner down its Stream,
'Till a sudden Storm arises,
Fatal to his Joys and Him.

IX.

Sailing fast on Pleasure's Ocean,
Sickness, like a Tempest, comes,
Soon the Vessel-clay is broken,
Down it sinks among the Tombs.

'Midst

X.

'Mid'st the outward Wreck of Nature,
 Vengeance storms the Soul within,
 Now too late it seeks a Shelter
 From its past unpardon'd Sin.

XI.

Have I timely 'scap'd such Ruin,
 O what Cause for Songs of Praise!
 Life's a Voyage, Winds are blowing,
 Yet I'm crossing safer Seas,

Philander to Amelia.

AMELIA's Call Philander glad obeys
 To trace all Nature thro' her wond'-
 rous Ways ;
 And view in All, as they pursue the Road,
 The ever-var'ing, yet unchanging God.
 O how unlike is Winter's gloomy Scene
 To Nature dress'd in Universal Green!

A beau-

A beauteous Foliage charms the wand'ring
Eye,

And copious Harvests ev'ry Want supply.

But, pleasing Thought! when Spring's gay
Bloom is o'er,

The Summer Months, and Autumn's golden
Store,

Yet wintry Wastes, as my Amelia sings,

And all the Forms that Winter with it brings,

Are diff'rent Parts of one All-gracious Plan,

Design'd by Wisdom, and in Love to Man.

Just so in Life our disappointed Hopes,

Barren like Winter, bear their Future Crops:

As the bright Days the cheerless Nights
succeed,

And Winter yields to Spring and Sum-
mer's Pride;

So Providences dark are ofttimes seen

The Basis of some after-shining Scene;

And Wintry Time once o'er, the Saint shall
find

A Spring Immortal blooming o'er his Mind.

On Seeing some small Birds at the approach of Winter.

YE Little Feather'd Flutt'ring Things,
Who mount on soft expanded Wings,
Who thoughtless hop among the Boughs,
And lightly skip o'er fall'n Snows;
Or flock around some neighb'ring Farm,
And peck the Refuse of the Barn—
Sweet Innocents! where e're you are,
There's Danger from the Fowler's Snare :
Whether alight, or on the Wing,
Beside the Rill or at the Spring,
Amidst the Fields, or in the Wood,
Your only Safety is your God.
Not a poor Sparrow's seen to fall
Without His Leave who made you All.
And should his Goodness deign to spare,
And make your little Lives his Care
This Winter through—Be sure You raise
Next Spring, your Great Deliv'rer's Praise.

*On hearing some Small Birds singing at the
Return of Spring.*

SING on, Ye Feather'd Songsters, sing,
And grateful hail the God of Spring,
While from your little lab'ring Throats
Arise a thousand tuneful Notes ;
And Fields and Woods, and Hills and Plains,
Become harmonious by your Strains.
Much to his kind parental Care,
Who sav'd You from the Fowler's Snare ;
And hous'd and fed your slender Forms,
Midst Winter's Dearth and chilling Storms—
Much do You owe—That Care repay
With one continu'd vocal Lay :
From Morn to Eve let ev'ry Hour
Produce the Tribute in your Pow'r ;
And when the Ev'ning Shades prevail,
Begin thy Song, sweet Philomel.
Thro' Summer Months and Autumn too,
(The Whole from You and more is due)
Prolong the Tributary Strain,
Nor cease till Winter comes again.

An Acrostic.

CONCEAL my Name, the Saint commands,
 And let my Lord's alone appear :
 That Name adorns wheree'er it stands ;
 Holds the chief Place in Heav'nly Lands,
 And sheds the brightest Lustre there.
 Rainbows are painted on a Cloud,
 Its Darknefs lost beneath their Face,
 No Shade the Sun forbears to gild :
 Emblem of Blest IMMANUEL's Grace !
 So large and free, He not disdains
 The meanest Letters of a Name
 Rais'd to reflect his fainter Beams,
 And spread abroad his glitt'ring Fame.
 Creatures oft call their Names their Own,
 Henceforward Mine shall be my Lord's,
 And ev'ry Letter make some Glories known :
 No greater Honour for its diff'rent Words.

On the Return of a Birth-Day.

HAIL Natal Day ! which gave me Birth,
 And sent my Infant-Form to Earth :
 I joy and grieve at thy Return
 From Life's Review since I was born :
I grieve

I grieve for Sin, and Joy prevails
 At Heav'nly Love which never fails.
 So long as Life renews the Day,
 Pleasure and Pain attend its Stay,
 To trace Celestial Goodness o'er,
 And yet can live to God no more.
 Be this my Work 'till Life is gone,
 And Immortality comes on ;
 So shall the Day which brings my Death
 Exceed the Day which lent me Breath.

Lines to the Memory of Mr. Scott, a Native of Ross, Herefordshire, who at his Death left 200l. per. Annum, towards the Re-establishment of a Charity-school in that Town.*

“ **B**UT all our Praises why should Kyrle engross † ?”

And He alone be stil'd the Man of Ross ?

S 2

Thy

* The above Lines appear in this Work, under the sanction of Philip. Chap 4. Ver. 8. Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good Report, think on these things.

† The First of Mr. Pope's well-known Lines on the Man

140 *An Example of Benevolence.*

Thy gen'rous Deed, O Scott ! lays equal Claim
To share the Muse's tributary Fame.

What large Donation from thine ample store,
Thy Hand bestows to feed and clothe the
Poor !

To rescue Youth from Ign'rance and Sloth,
And teach th' unletter'd knowledge of the
Truth !

Man of Rofs altered. The Name of that Gentleman was Kyrle, who is deservedly commended by that celebrated Poet, for his Charity and Usefulness in the Town wherein he lived. In addition to the respectful Tribute of the Poet, a handsome Monument hath been erected to his Memory, in the Chancel of the Church at Rofs ; consequently the Reflection conveyed by the following Lines of Mr. Pope is happily done away:—

“ And what? No Monument, Inscription, Stone?
His Race, his Form, his Name almost unknown?”

The design of the Poetry on Mr. Scott, is not to make these two worthy Characters Rivals in point of Posthumous Fame, but to exhibit each as deserving of the Esteem of Posterity, and worthy of Imitation by those whose local Situations may need, and whose worldly Circumstances may enable them to follow their good Example.

From

From a School-mansion large but plain and
neat,

Built on some neighb'ring, healthy, pleasant
Spot,

Th' Imagination paints the *puerile* Train,
As once we saw them, issuing forth again.

Youth timely taught escape the Snares of Vice,
And by their Carriage make their Friends
rejoice;

While the whole Parish fondly hopes to share
The blest Advantage of their early Care.

As list'ning Boys attend the pleasing Tale,
(Their common Theme when Leisure-Hours
prevail,

Some grassy Turf their Seat, or Path-way
Stile)

Joy in their Hearts and on their Cheeks a
Smile

Bespeak them conscious of their happy Lot,
And All bless God for such a Friend as Scott.
Full of Amazement are they when they hear,
Once 'twas his Case to be dependant there ;

Till

Till Providence, who Poor and Rich supplies,
His future Life distinguish'd by a Rise,
And with a Fortune gave a Heart to bless
The Poor, the Orphan and the Fatherless.
O had a Pope but liv'd in later Days,
So good a Man had ne'er escap'd his Praise.
And shall his gen'rous Deed no Bard inspire?
And not one Native catch the Poet's Fire?
The Thought forbid, and let a meaner Pen
Dare to rank Scott among the Best of Men,
Whose native Place and Charity engross
The well-known Title of the Man of Ross.

F I N I S.

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